A Fawcett Publication

# WOW COMICS

HOOP IT UP!

WITH

OZZIE

& PINKY

Also INTRODUCING THAT FABULOUS WESTERN HERO

TOM MIX

# "A snack for now... snaps for later!"

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# WOW COMICS

*A Fawcett Publication*

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•
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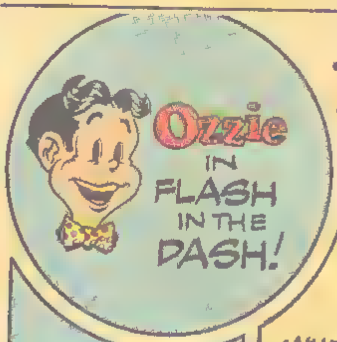
WOW COMICS

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr.
PRESIDENT

## ... CONTENTS ...



AL SCARLET AND PINKY
IN
WHERE THERE'S A WILL!

PHANTOM EAGLE
IN THE RETURN OF THE BLACK FLAMINGO!

AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN *WOW*..

TOM MIX AND THE BLACK GANG!

... PLUS ...
LAUGH RIOTOUS SHORT FEATURES
RICHARD RICHARD ... BOBO ...
A PENNY GRAVES DETECTIVE SHORT STORY


APRIL, 1948 Vol. 11 No. 65

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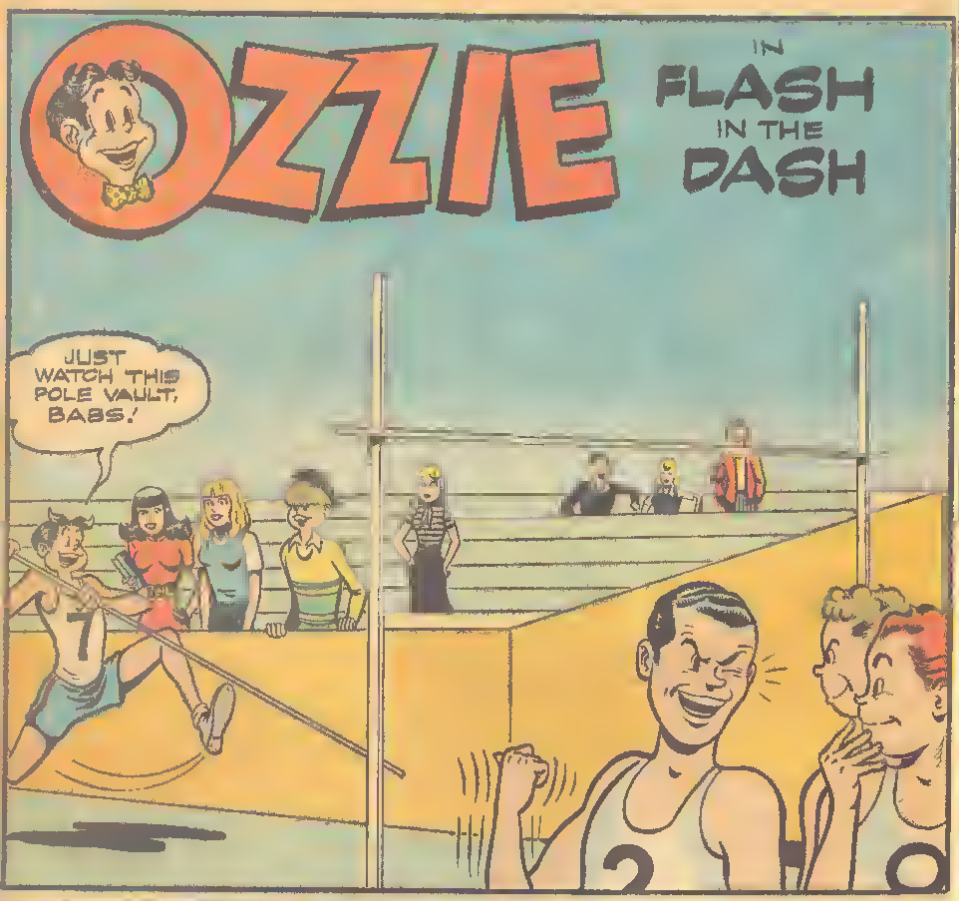
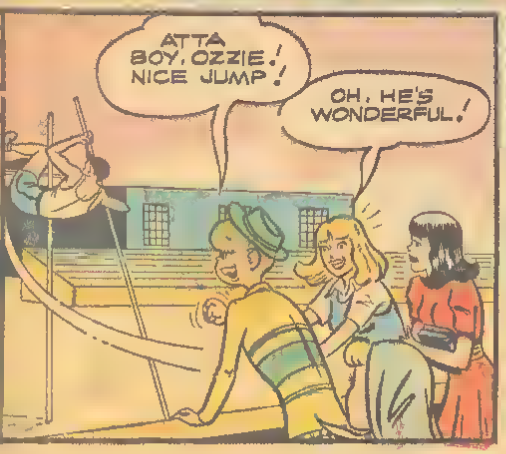
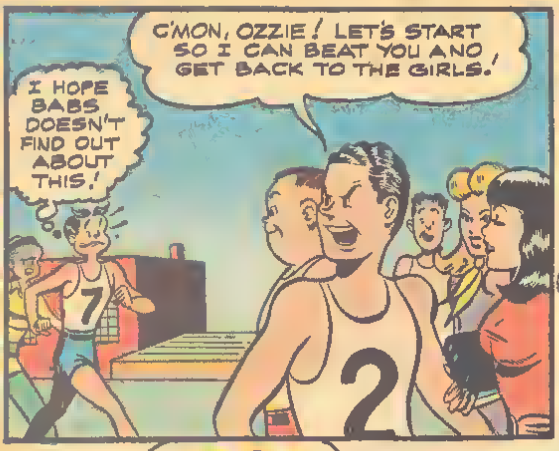

OZZIE
IN
FLASH IN THE DASH
JUST WATCH THIS POLE VAULT, BABS!


ATTA BOY, OZZIE! NICE JUMP!
OH, HE'S WONDERFUL!

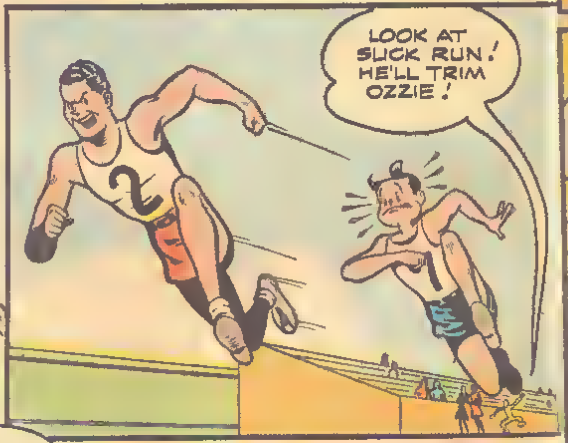
HUH?
POOF!

THAT OZZIE IS THE LIMIT--- ALWAYS CLOWNING!
GEE, OZZIE'S GOT BABS SORE AT HIM AGAIN!
P-FFT!
SOMEBODY DUG A HOLE UNDER THE SAWDUST PIT! IT MUST BE ANOTHER ONE OF SLICK'S TRICKS! HE WANTS TO MAKE SURE I DON'T WIN THE TRACK MEET SATURDAY!
HAW HAW HO HO
HA HA
BUT I JUST GOTTA WIN BECAUSE BABS HAS HER HEART SET ON GOING TO THE DANCE WITH THE CHAMPION OF THE MEET!
JUST TAKE A LOOK AT THIS PHYSIQUE, GIRLS! IS IT ANY WONDER I'M THE FASTEST RUNNER IN THE SCHOOL?
BALONEY! OZZIE COULD BEAT YOU ANY DAY IN THE WEEK, SLICK!
IS THAT SO? WELL, I'LL RACE HIM RIGHT NOW ---UNLESS HE'S AFRAID!
HUH? M-ME AFRAID? I SHOULD SAY NOT!
WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, DIP? YOU KNOW I CAN'T RUN FASTER THAN SLICK! ARE YOU TRYING TO MAKE A MONKEY OUT OF ME?

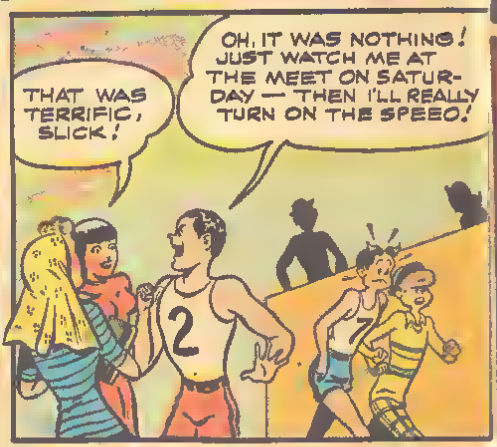

C'MON, OZZIE! LET'S START SO I CAN BEAT YOU AND GET BACK TO THE GIRLS.
I HOPE BABS DOESN'T FIND OUT ABOUT THIS!

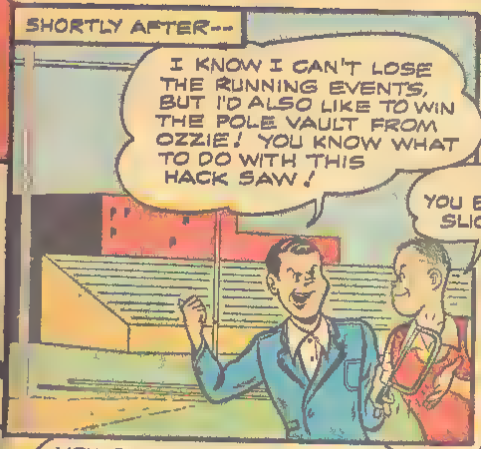
ON YOUR MARK--- GET SET--

...GO!

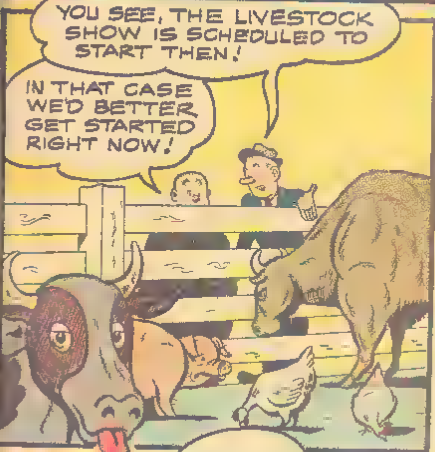

LOOK AT SLICK RUN! HE'LL TRIM OZZIE!

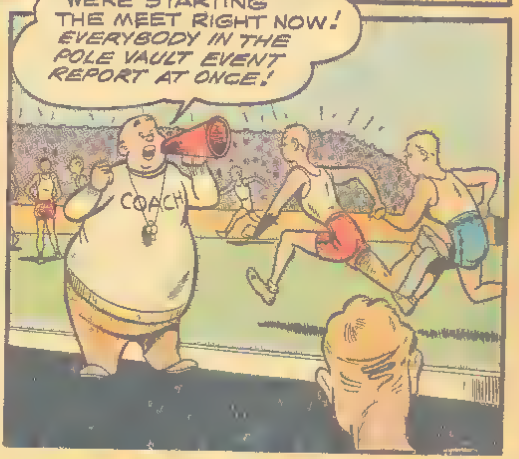
WHAT DO YOU MEAN "HE WILL TRIM OZZIE"? YOU MEAN HE HAS TRIMMED OZZIE!

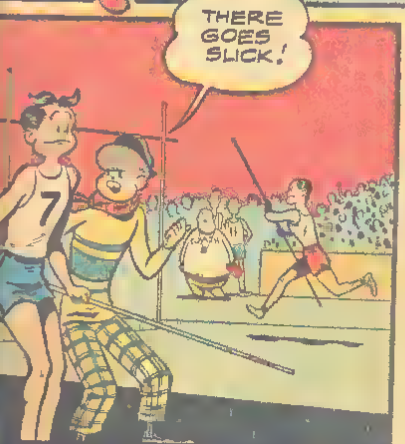

THAT WAS TERRIFIC, SLICK!
OH, IT WAS NOTHING! JUST WATCH ME AT THE MEET ON SATURDAY — THEN I'LL REALLY TURN ON THE SPEED!

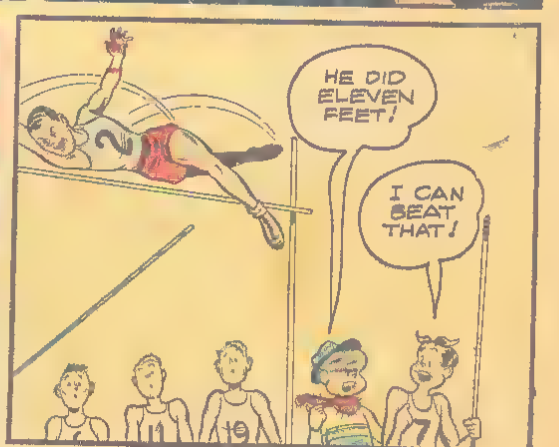

SHORTLY AFTER--
I KNOW I CAN'T LOSE THE RUNNING EVENTS, BUT I'D ALSO LIKE TO WIN THE POLE VAULT FROM OZZIE! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THIS HACK SAW!
YOU BET, SLICK!

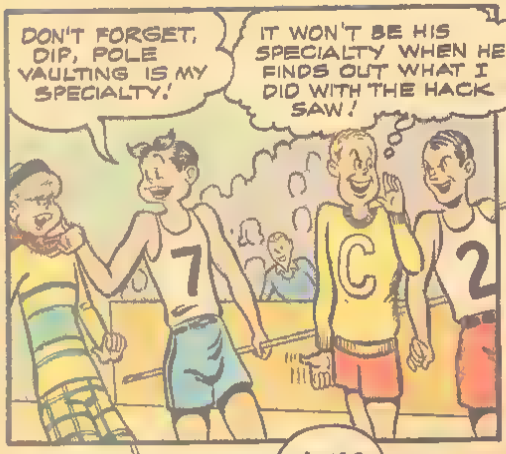
SATURDAY--
YOU'LL HAVE TO COMPLETE YOUR WHOLE TRACK MEET IN TWO HOURS, COACH!
COACH


YOU SEE, THE LIVESTOCK SHOW IS SCHEDULED TO START THEN!
IN THAT CASE WE'D BETTER GET STARTED RIGHT NOW!


WE'RE STARTING THE MEET RIGHT NOW! EVERYBODY IN THE POLE VAULT EVENT REPORT AT ONCE!
COACH

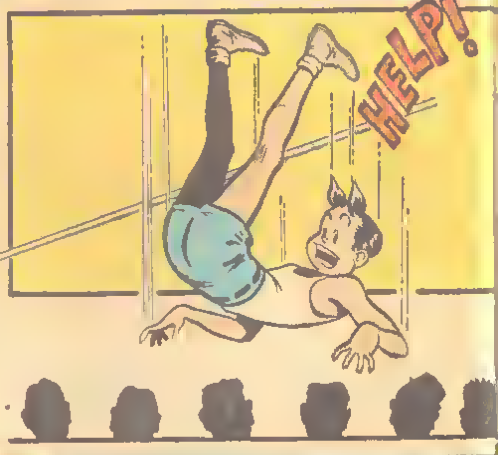

THERE GOES SLICK!
7

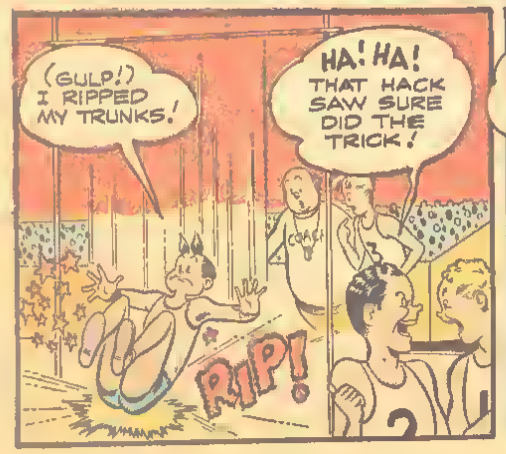

HE DID ELEVEN FEET!
I CAN BEAT THAT!
2
11
10
7

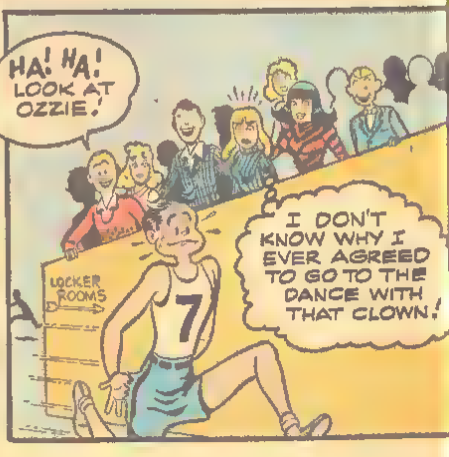

DON'T FORGET, DIP, POLE VAULTING IS MY SPECIALTY!
IT WON'T BE HIS SPECIALTY WHEN HE FINDS OUT WHAT I DID WITH THE HACK SAW!
7
C
2

HERE GOES!

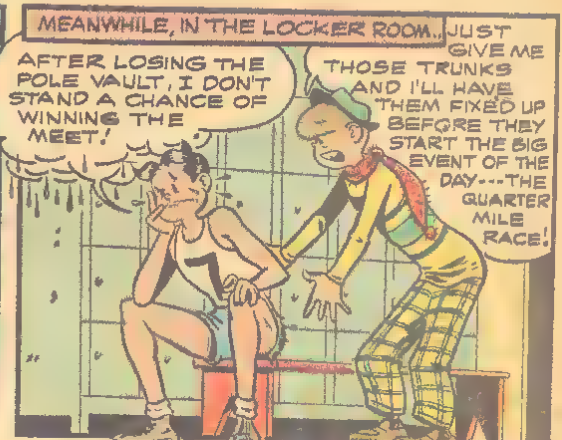
HUH?
SNAP!


HELP!

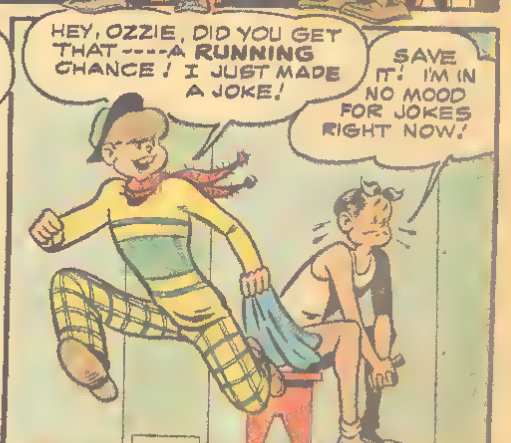

(GULP!) I RIPPED MY TRUNKS!
HA! HA! THAT HACK SAW SURE DID THE TRICK!
RIP!

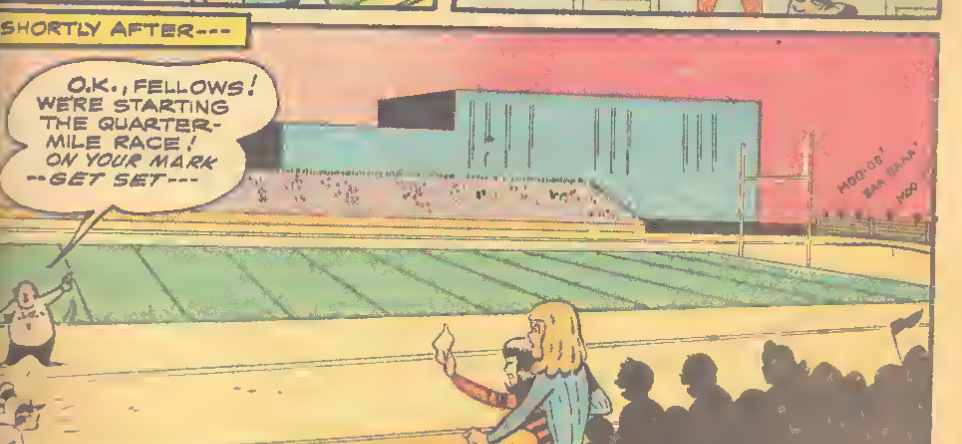

HA! HA! LOOK AT OZZIE!
LOCKER ROOMS
7
I DON'T KNOW WHY I EVER AGREED TO GO TO THE DANCE WITH THAT CLOWN!

NOW THAT OZZIE'S GOING TO LOSE THE MEET, I'LL HAVE A GOOD EXCUSE TO BACK OUT OF THE DATE!


MEANWHILE, IN THE LOCKER ROOM...
AFTER LOSING THE POLE VAULT, I DON'T STAND A CHANCE OF WINNING THE MEET!
JUST GIVE ME THOSE TRUNKS AND I'LL HAVE THEM FIXED UP BEFORE THEY START THE BIG EVENT OF THE DAY---THE QUARTER MILE RACE!

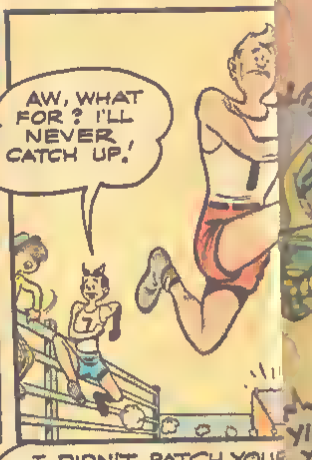
WHAT'S THE USE? I CAN'T BEAT SLICK!
JUST DO WHAT I SAY AND YOU'LL HAVE A RUNNING CHANCE!

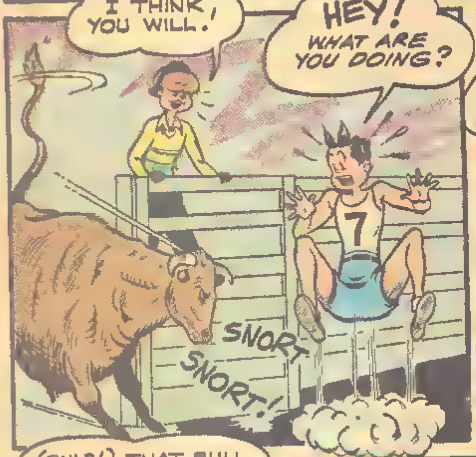

HEY, OZZIE, DID YOU GET THAT ----A RUNNING CHANCE! I JUST MADE A JOKE!
SAVE IT! I'M IN NO MOOD FOR JOKES RIGHT NOW!

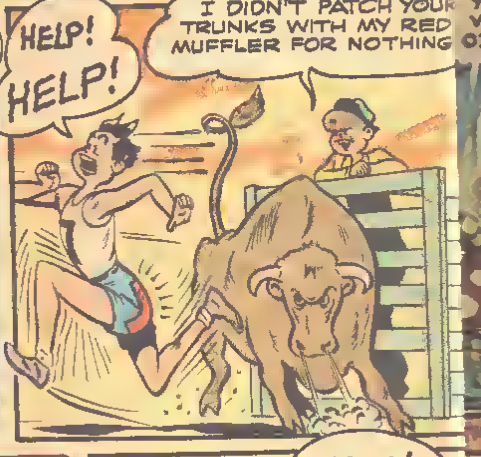

SHORTLY AFTER---
O.K., FELLOWS! WE'RE STARTING THE QUARTER-MILE RACE! ON YOUR MARK --GET SET---

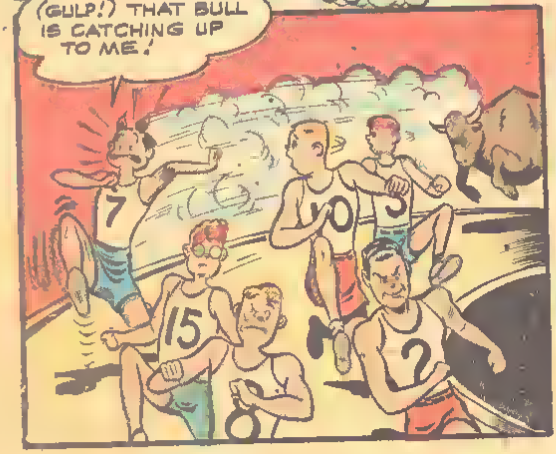
GO!
BANG!
COACH

THIS WAY, OZZIE! HURRY!
7
4


AW, WHAT FOR? I'LL NEVER CATCH UP!
7


I THINK, YOU WILL!
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
7
SNORT-SNORT!


HELP! HELP!
I DIDN'T PATCH YOUR TRUNKS WITH MY RED MUFFLER FOR NOTHING


(GULP!) THAT BULL IS CATCHING UP TO ME!
7
10
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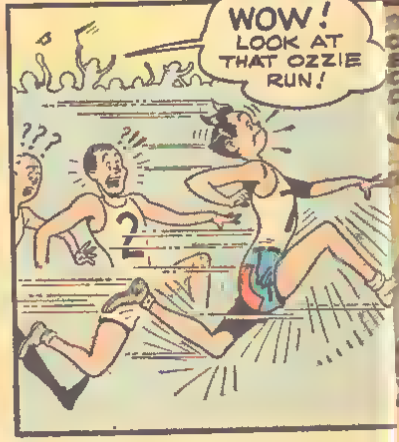
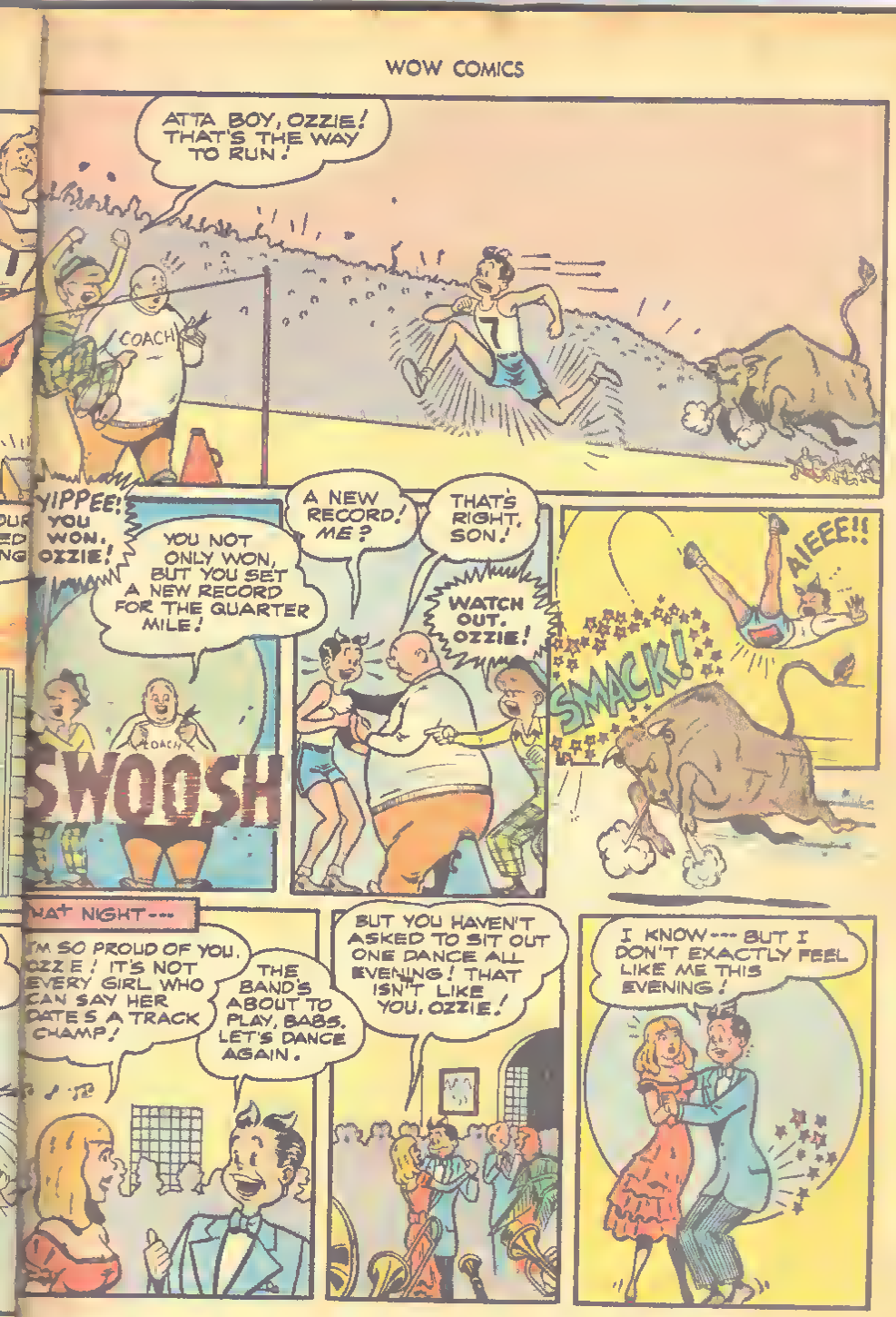
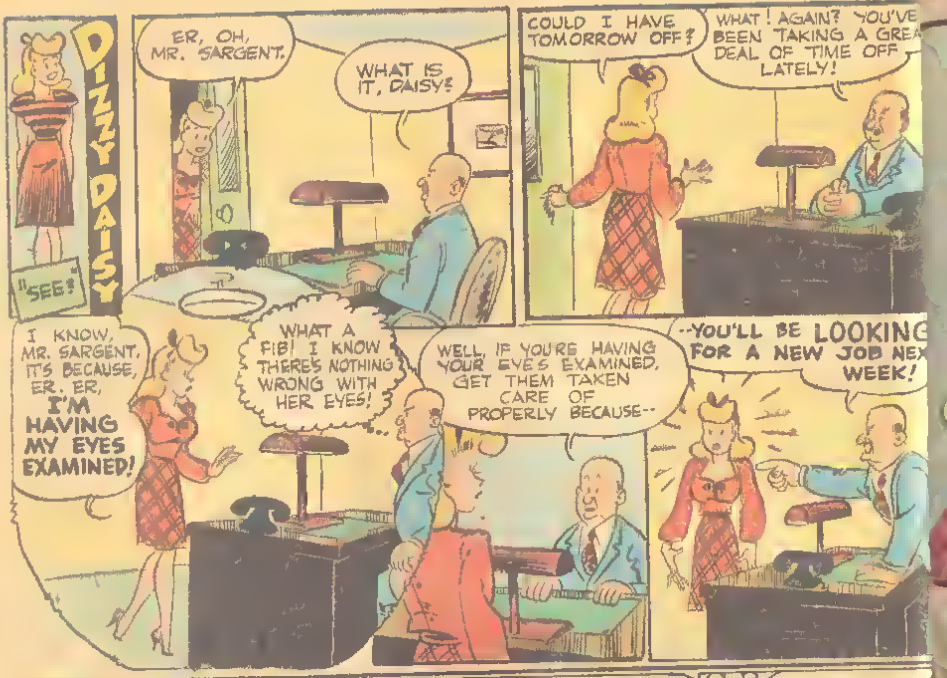
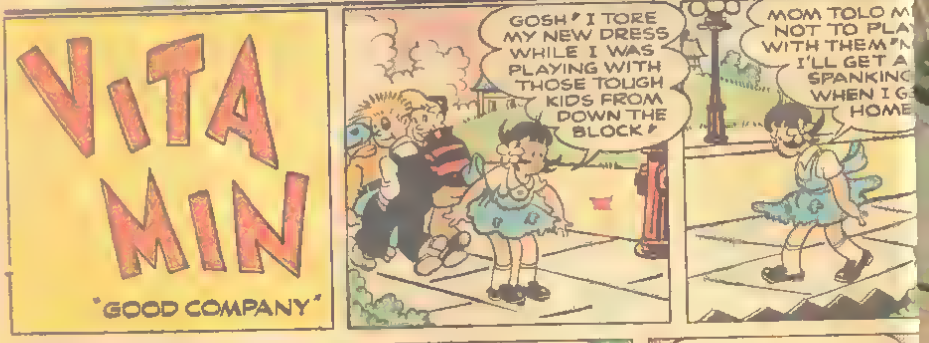
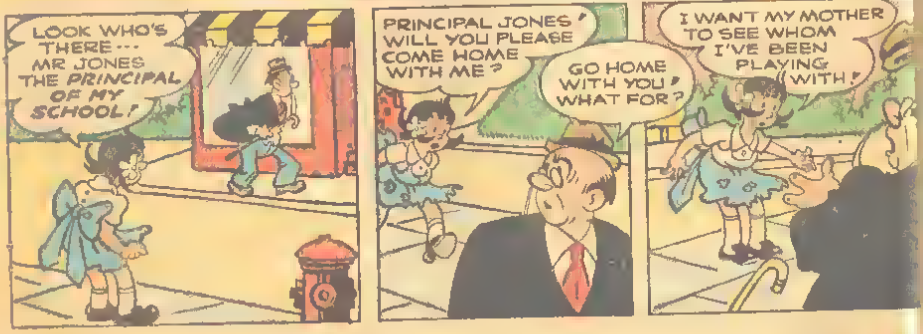

WOW! LOOK AT THAT OZZIE RUN!
???
?


ATTA BOY, OZZIE! THAT'S THE WAY TO RUN!
COACH
YIPPEE! YOU WON, OZZIE!
YOU NOT ONLY WON, BUT YOU SET A NEW RECORD FOR THE QUARTER MILE!
COACH
SWOOSH
A NEW RECORD! ME?
THAT'S RIGHT, SON!
WATCH OUT, OZZIE!
AIEEE!!
SMACK!
WHAT NIGHT---
I'M SO PROUD OF YOU, OZZIE! IT'S NOT EVERY GIRL WHO CAN SAY HER DATE S A TRACK CHAMP!
THE BAND'S ABOUT TO PLAY, BABS. LET'S DANCE AGAIN.
BUT YOU HAVEN'T ASKED TO SIT OUT ONE DANCE ALL EVENING! THAT ISN'T LIKE YOU, OZZIE!
I KNOW--- BUT I DON'T EXACTLY FEEL LIKE ME THIS EVENING!


DIZZY DAISY
"SEE?"
ER, OH, MR. SARGENT.
WHAT IS IT, DAISY?
COULD I HAVE TOMORROW OFF?
WHAT! AGAIN? YOU'VE BEEN TAKING A GREA DEAL OF TIME OFF LATELY!
I KNOW, MR. SARGENT, IT'S BECAUSE, ER, ER, I'M HAVING MY EYES EXAMINED!
WHAT A FIB! I KNOW THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH HER EYES!
WELL, IF YOU'RE HAVING YOUR EYES EXAMINED, GET THEM TAKEN CARE OF PROPERLY BECAUSE--
--YOU'LL BE LOOKING FOR A NEW JOB NEX WEEK!


VITA MIN
"GOOD COMPANY"
GOSH! I TORE MY NEW DRESS WHILE I WAS PLAYING WITH THOSE TOUGH KIDS FROM DOWN THE BLOCK!
MOM TOLO M NOT TO PLA WITH THEM! I'LL GET A SPANKING WHEN I G HOME


LOOK WHO'S THERE--- MR JONES THE PRINCIPAL OF MY SCHOOL!
PRINCIPAL JONES! WILL YOU PLEASE COME HOME WITH ME?
GO HOME WITH YOU! WHAT FOR?
I WANT MY MOTHER TO SEE WHOM I'VE BEEN PLAYING WITH!

ADVERTISEMENT

"Ozzie" COWLES

CHAMPION BASKETBALL COACH, UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

HERE'S A TIP FOR ALL OUR TEAMS

WELCOME COACH!

COWLES CAME TO MICHIGAN LAST YEAR. BROUGHT WITH HIM ONE OF THE NATION'S BEST COACHING RECORDS. AT DARTMOUTH, HIS TEAMS WON SEVEN OUT OF EIGHT LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIPS -- QUALIFIED FOR 3 NATIONAL COLLEGIATE TOURNAMENTS

IN HIS FIRST TWO COACHING JOBS (CARLETON COLLEGE AND WISCONSIN STATE TEACHERS) "OZZIE" COACHED ALL MAJOR SPORTS: BASKETBALL, FOOTBALL, AND BASEBALL

TASTES SWELL, TOO

WHEATIES Breakfast of Champions

"AN IMPORTANT PART OF A PLAYER'S TRAINING PROGRAM IS A WELL-BALANCED BREAKFAST," SAYS "OZZIE" COWLES. "WHEATIES, WITH MILK AND FRUIT, MAKE A REALLY NOURISHING DISH - YES, WHEATIES CERTAINLY DESERVES IT'S NAME, BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS'"

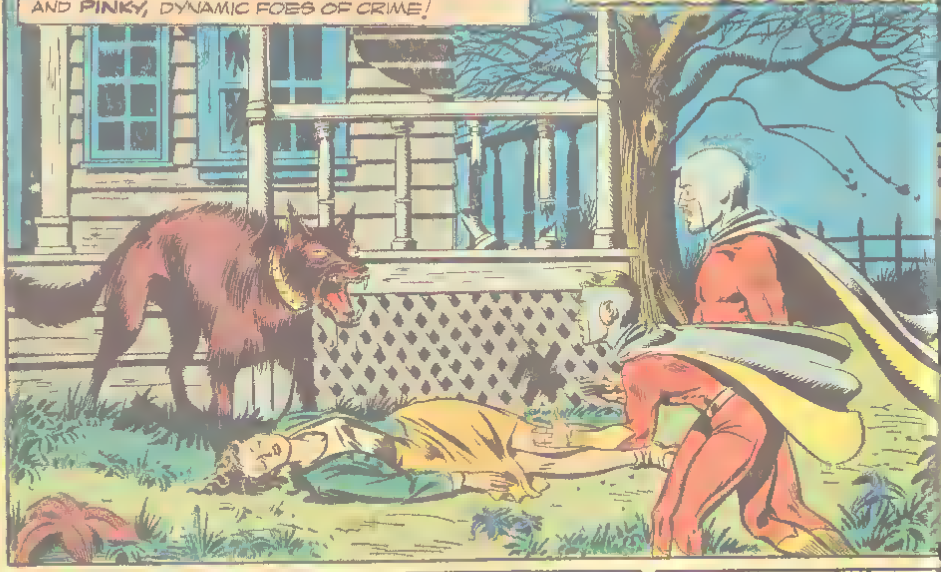
WHEATIES "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS" WITH MILK AND FRUIT

Wheaties and Breakfast of Champions are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

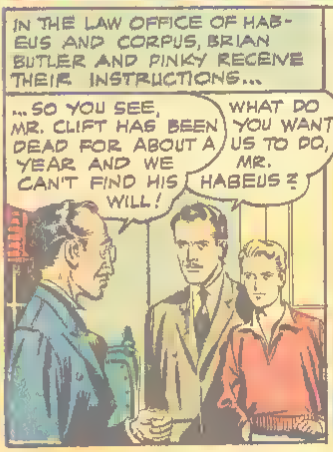
# MR. SCARLET AND PINKY in WHERE THERE'S A WILL

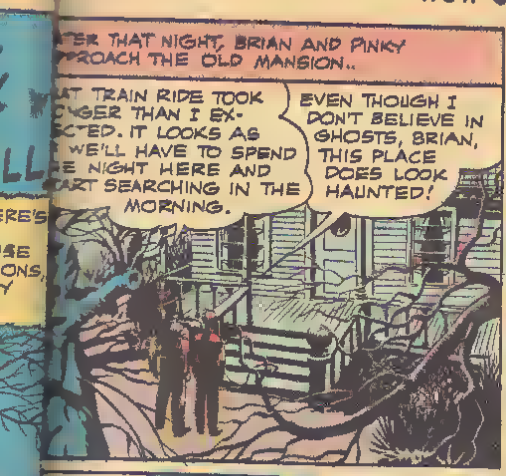
BRIAN BUTLER, STRUGGLING LAWYER, AND HIS YOUNG WARD, PINKY, ARE SECRETLY KNOWN AS MR. SCARLET AND PINKY, DYNAMIC FOES OF CRIME!

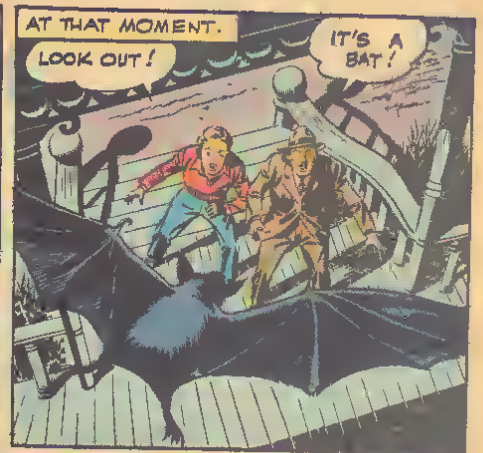
WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A RELATIVE! BUT WHEN THE WILL CAN'T BE FOUND BECAUSE OF SOMEONE'S WILLFUL ACTIONS, WILL MR. SCARLET AND PINKY CLEAR UP THE MYSTERY?



IN THE LAW OFFICE OF HABEUS AND CORPUS, BRIAN BUTLER AND PINKY RECEIVE THEIR INSTRUCTIONS...

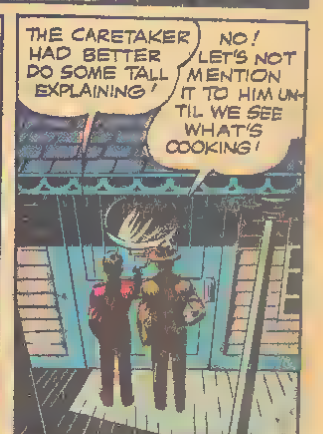



ER THAT NIGHT, BRIAN AND PINKY
ROACH THE OLD MANSION..
AT TRAIN RIDE TOOK
NGER THAN I EX-
CTED. IT LOOKS AS
WE'LL HAVE TO SPEND
E NIGHT HERE AND
ART SEARCHING IN THE
MORNING.
EVEN THOUGH I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS, BRIAN, THIS PLACE DOES LOOK HAUNTED!


AT THAT MOMENT.
LOOK OUT!
IT'S A BAT!

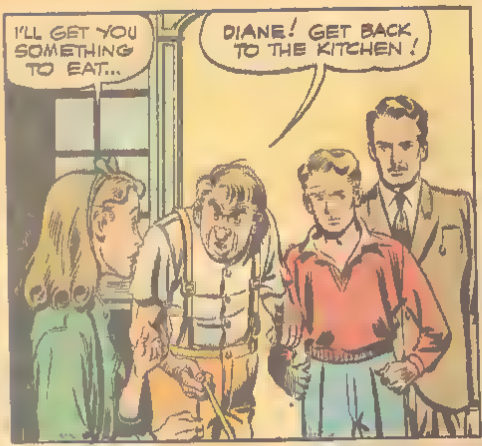
H! I'VE
CT HIM,
NKY!

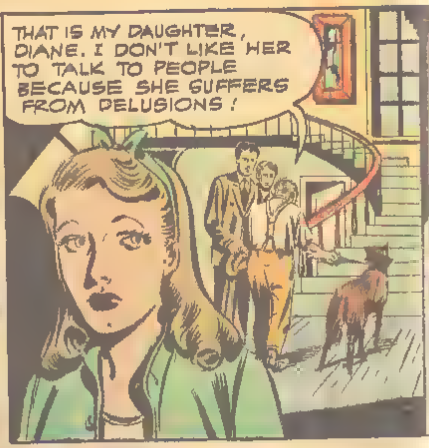
IT'S NOT ALIVE! IT'S A MECHANICAL BAT!
IT LOOKS AS IF SOMEONE IS TRYING TO MAKE US BELIEVE THIS PLACE REALLY IS HAUNTED!

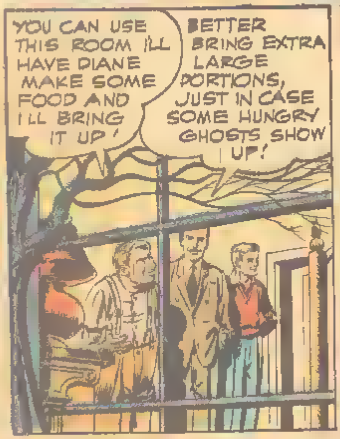

THE CARETAKER HAD BETTER DO SOME TALL EXPLAINING!
NO! LET'S NOT MENTION IT TO HIM UNTIL WE SEE WHAT'S COOKING!

AT
C YOU
ANT?
WE CAME HERE TO LOOK FOR OLD MAN CLIFT'S WILL. HERE'S OUR IDENTIFICATION FROM THE LAWYERS FOR THE ESTATE!

YOU CAN LOOK IF YOU WANT TO, BUT I'D ADVISE YOU NOT TO SPEND THE NIGHT HERE. THIS PLACE IS HAUNTED. I KEEP THIS WOLF FOR PROTECTION.
WE'LL TAKE OUR CHANCES. CAN YOU FIX US UP WITH A ROOM AND SOMETHING TO EAT?

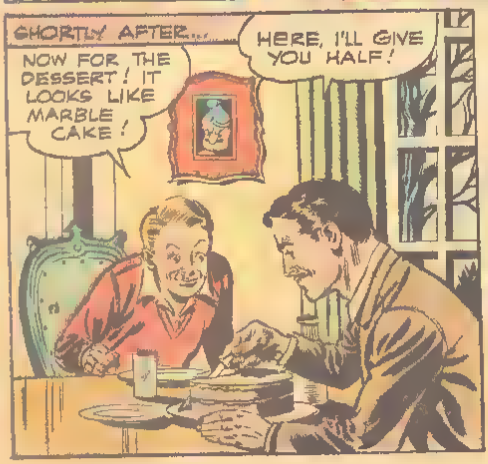

I'LL GET YOU SOMETHING TO EAT...
DIANE! GET BACK TO THE KITCHEN!

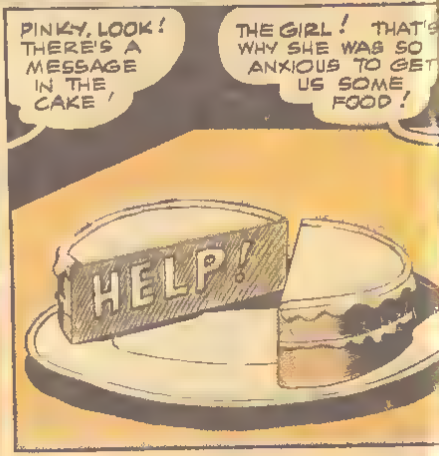

THAT IS MY DAUGHTER, DIANE. I DON'T LIKE HER TO TALK TO PEOPLE BECAUSE SHE SUFFERS FROM DELUSIONS!


YOU CAN USE THIS ROOM. I'LL HAVE DIANE MAKE SOME FOOD AND I'LL BRING IT UP!
BETTER BRING EXTRA LARGE PORTIONS, JUST IN CASE SOME HUNGRY GHOSTS SHOW UP!

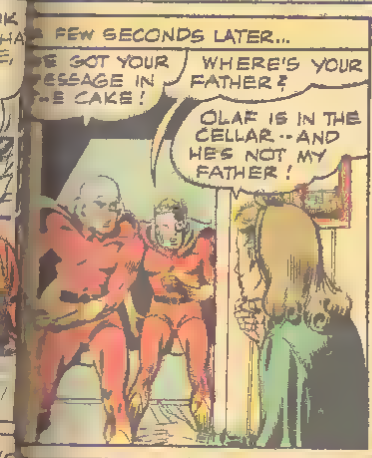
A SHORT TIME LATER, THE CARE-TAKER RETURNS WITH FOOD...
HERE IS YOUR SUPPER. THERE IS STILL TIME TO LEAVE IF YOU HAVE CHANGED YOUR MIND!
NO, I'D LIKE TO MEET SOME OF THESE SPIRITS. MAYBE THEY KNOW SOME GOOD GHOST STORIES!

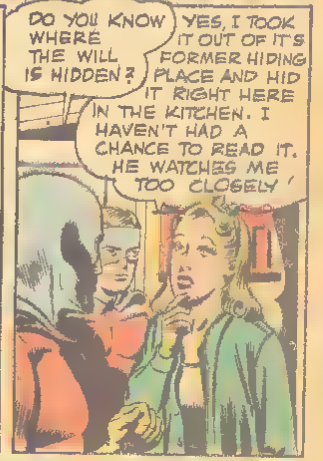
THAT'S QUITE A SPREAD.
LOOK AT THA CAKE, TOO!

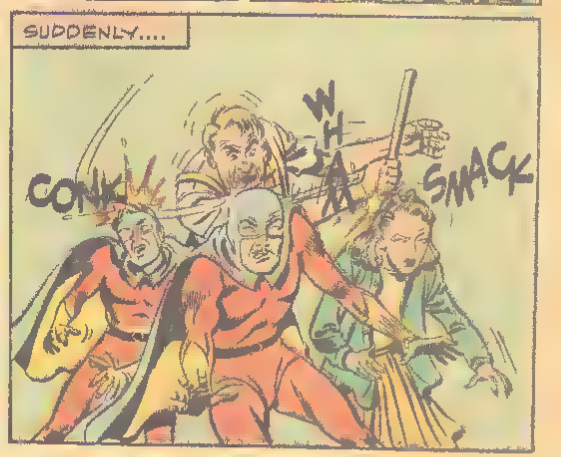

SHORTLY AFTER...
NOW FOR THE DESSERT! IT LOOKS LIKE MARBLE CAKE!
HERE, I'LL GIVE YOU HALF!

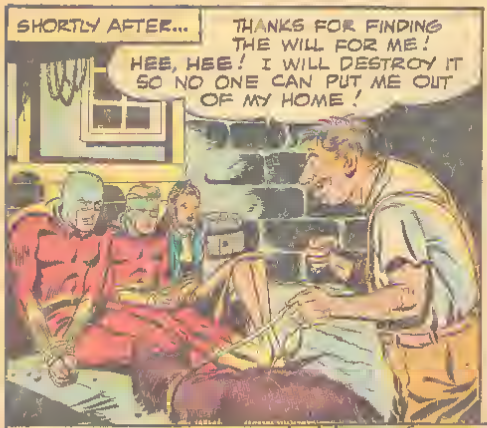

PINKY, LOOK! THERE'S A MESSAGE IN THE CAKE!
THE GIRL! THAT'S WHY SHE WAS SO ANXIOUS TO GET US SOME FOOD!
HELP!

QUICKLY, THE TWO CRIME FIGHTERS CHANGE INTO THEIR CRIMSON CLOTHES - AND EMERGE AS MR. SCARLET AND PINKY!

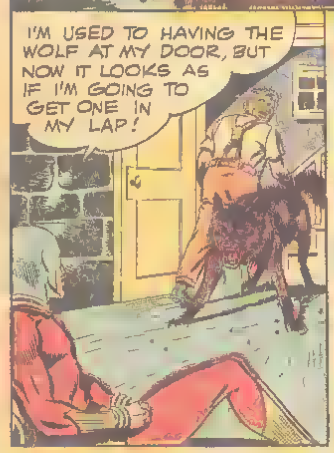






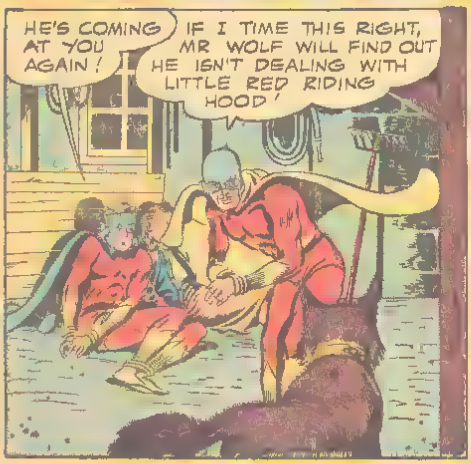

SHORTLY AFTER...
THANKS FOR FINDING THE WILL FOR ME! HEE, HEE! I WILL DESTROY IT SO NO ONE CAN PUT ME OUT OF MY HOME!

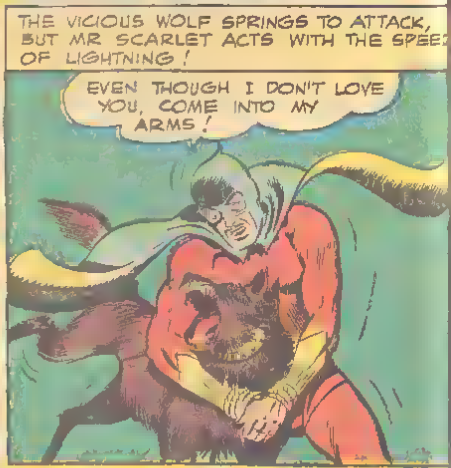
AND, HEE, HEE! TO DESTROY ALL THE EVIDENCE, I AM GOING TO TURN THIS HUNGRY WOLF LOOSE SO HE CAN DESTROY YOU AS HE DID ALL PREVIOUS INVESTIGATORS!


I'M USED TO HAVING THE WOLF AT MY DOOR, BUT NOW IT LOOKS AS IF I'M GOING TO GET ONE IN MY LAP!

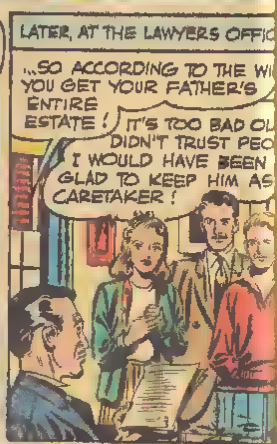
SHRIEK!

IF YOU WANT ME IN YOUR STOMACH, TRY MY FEET FIRST!


HE'S COMING AT YOU AGAIN!
IF I TIME THIS RIGHT, MR WOLF WILL FIND OUT HE ISN'T DEALING WITH LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD!


THE VICIOUS WOLF SPRINGS TO ATTACK, BUT MR SCARLET ACTS WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHTNING!
EVEN THOUGH I DON'T LOVE YOU, COME INTO MY ARMS!

TERRIFIC STRUGGLE ENSUES -- MAN AGAINST BEAST!
-I-UH-DON'T THINK I'LL E ABLE TO HOLD HIM CH LONGER!
HANG ON! MAYBE I CAN STUN HIM!
THAT'S USING YOUR HEAD!
GONK!
YOU DID IT! YOU BROKE HIS NECK, SCARLET!
NOW TO GET THESE ROPES OFF!
NOW I'M GLAD HIS TEETH ARE SO SHARP!
GET US LOOSE, WE HAVE A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH OLAF!
SOON...
HE'S GOING TO PUT THE WILL IN THE FIRE!
I'LL STOP HIM!
I'VE GOT IT
OOF!



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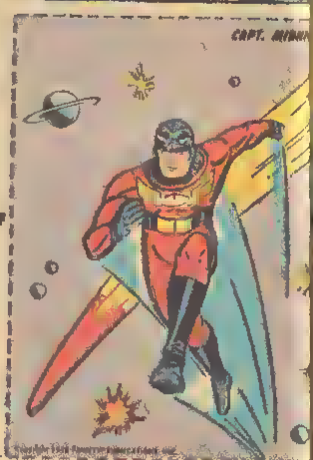

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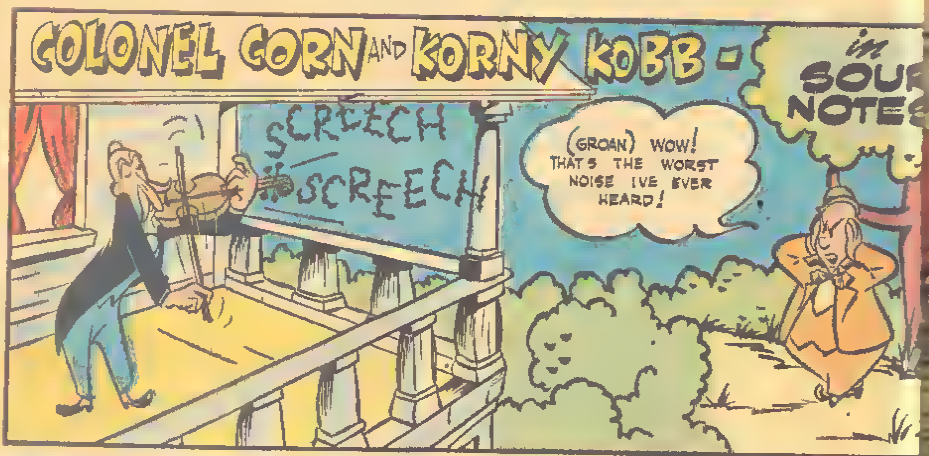
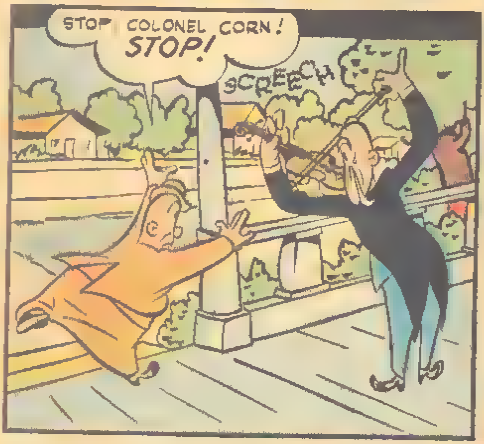
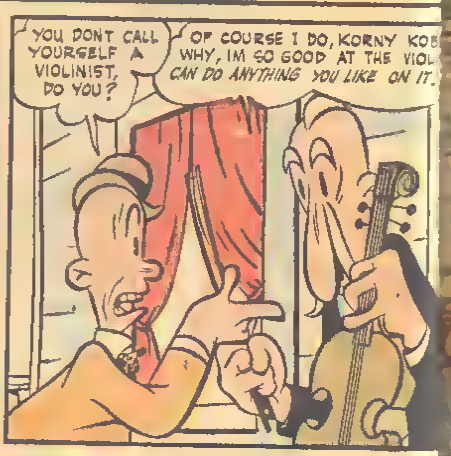
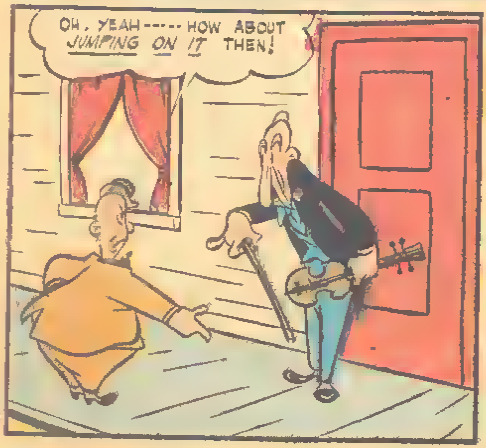
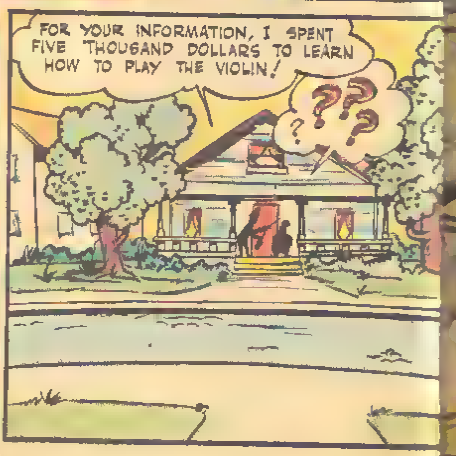
MAIL COUPON Today
— SEND NO MONEY! —
U-C-A Salve contains Prescription Type Medication. Great for Chapped and Itchy Skin, Mild Burns, Chafings, etc. Sold thru Agents and in Drug Stores
SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS
No Risk!
U-C-A CO.
CHICAGO 8, ILL.
U-C-A Co. Dept T Chicago 8, Ill.
Please send me Postage Paid on trial, sixteen boxes of U-C-A Salve to sell at 25c a box. I will remit amount within 30 days, select a premium or keep Cash Commission, as fully explained under premium wanted in catalog sent with order postage paid to start. Also send right along with Salve "Bag of Tricks" shown above.
NAME _____ Age ____
RFD or Street No. _____ Box ____
Post Office _____ State ____
Save 2c by filling in, pasting and mailing this coupon on 1c Postcard now.
PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY.
PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY


COLONEL CORN AND KORNY KOBB - in SOUR NOTES
SCREECH SCREECH
(GROAN) WOW! THAT'S THE WORST NOISE I'VE EVER HEARD!

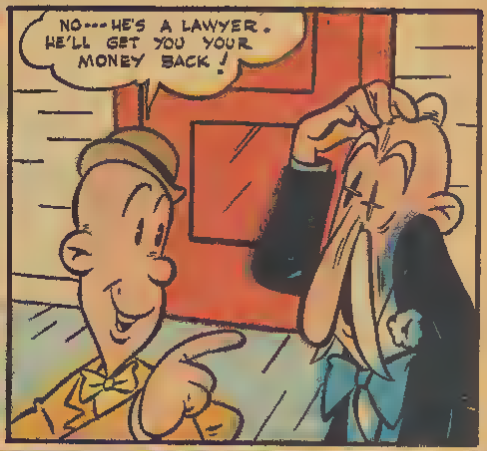

STOP COLONEL CORN! STOP!
SCREECH


YOU DON'T CALL YOURSELF A VIOLINIST, DO YOU?
OF COURSE I DO, KORNY KOB
WHY, I'M SO GOOD AT THE VIOL
CAN DO ANYTHING YOU LIKE ON IT.


OH, YEAH----- HOW ABOUT JUMPING ON IT THEN!


FOR YOUR INFORMATION, I SPENT FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS TO LEARN HOW TO PLAY THE VIOLIN!
???

SPENT FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS TO LEARN HOW TO PLAY! SEY I'D LIKE YOU MEET MY BROTHER.
WHY? IS HE A MUSICIAN, TOO?

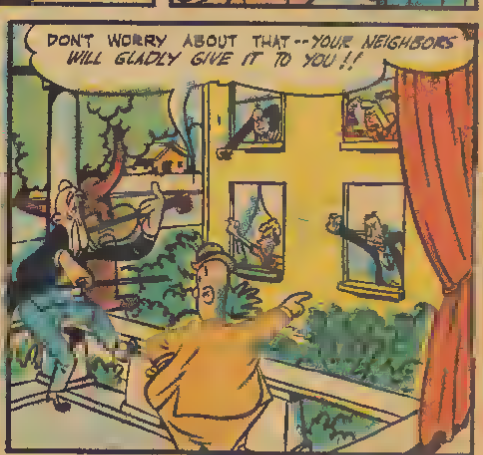

NO--- HE'S A LAWYER. HE'LL GET YOU YOUR MONEY BACK!

WE HEAR YOU PLAY YOUR OWN AGAIN, COLONEL.
SURE THING, KORNY.

THAT'S ENOUGH, COLONEL! THAT'S ENOUGH!
SCRATCH

THERE'S NO QUESTION ABOUT IT, COLONEL. YOU NEED MORE TRAINING!
I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT. I'D LIKE TO GO ABROAD AND STUDY.

WHY DON'T YOU?
I HAVEN'T ANY MONEY!


DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT--YOUR NEIGHBORS WILL GLADLY GIVE IT TO YOU!!

# BY DEATH BETRAYED

## *A "Penny Graves" Adventure*

By DICK KRAUS

*Penny Graves orbs opened wide*
*The girl detective couldn't hide*
*Her doubt*
*About*
*The quick verdict of suicide!*

AS PENNY GRAVES stood in the dark garage and watched the police photographer focus his camera on the huddled corpse of Peter Van Brook, she found herself shivering. It was with a feeling of relief that the girl detective saw the husky figure of Police Chief Ben Morgan bulking through the garage doors. Morgan came in slowly and stood over the body. Though the doors had been opened for some time, the biting odor of carbon monoxide gas still filled the air. Wrinkling his nostrils, Ben Morgan turned to his girl assistant.

"What do you think, Penny?" he asked. "Suicide?"

Penny Graves nodded her auburn head.

"That's what it looks like, Chief. Van Brook drove home about midnight, last night. At about six this morning, one of the servants heard the car running in the garage. When he came out to investigate, he found the garage locked—from the inside. And when the police broke in, they found Van Brook inside the car . . . dead."

The gray-haired police coroner looked up from the corpse.

"It's carbon monoxide poisoning all right," he volunteered. "And from the looks of the garage, I'll go along with Penny. Suicide."

Ben Morgan rubbed his grimy, unshaven jaw. "Just fine," he said. "That makes it easy for us. But there's a hitch. Peter Van Brook was a very successful art dealer. Look at this home—worth a fortune. He had no personal troubles that we know about . . . so far. Why would a guy like that commit suicide?"

Penny Graves shook her head slowly.

"I don't know, Chief, but maybe we can find out."

TWO HOURS LATER, in going through the dead art dealer's papers, Ben Morgan and Penny found an item that interested them considerably. It was a bankbook, from which several very large withdrawals had been made within the last few weeks. "Look at this," said Morgan. "In the same week, Van Brook took fifteen thousand dollars out of the bank. Then fifteen thousand again, and then ten thousand. And there's no record of any important business transaction he'd be needing the money for. Where did it go to?"

Penny studied the papers in silence, her brow knitting.

"Let's see," she said slowly. "Here's a check stub, made out the day before that first fifteen thousand dollar withdrawal. It's for five hundred dollars, to a man named Carl Nearby. Do we have any idea of who Nearby is?"

"Not yet," replied Ben Morgan. "But if you think it's important, we'll find out."

The answer came easily, from Van Brook's office secretary. Carl Nearby, she explained was a psychiatrist whom Van Brook had been consulting for the past few months. The five hundred dollar check was the wealthy art dealer's last payment to Nearby—after having decided that he no longer needed the doctor's help.

"You see," the secretary explained, "Mr. Van Brook was under a strain because of business, and he thought a psychiatrist might help him. But to tell the truth, I think he was much more nervous after his visits to Dr. Nearby than before!"

Ben Morgan lit a cigarette and watched the smoke wreath toward the ceiling. Then he said, "Penny, why don't you go over and consult Dr. Nearby? As a patient, of course. See what you can find, and meanwhile we'll check on him from this end. Good luck!"

"JUST WHO recommended that you see me, Miss Graves?" asked Carl Nearby, leaning forward over his desk. He was a very slender man, with iron-gray hair, and jet-black eyebrows.

Penny hesitated a moment.

"You'll probably be surprised to hear this," she said, "but it was Peter Van Brook. It . . . it was terrible about his suicide this morning, wasn't it?"

"Terrible," Nearby agreed smoothly. "Very shocking, but I expected it. He was a very troubled, very sick man. And when he refused my further care, I was afraid the outcome would be tragic. But about your own case, Miss Graves, I'm sure that I can help you." He reached for an appointment pad. "Let's make a date for tomorrow, and then we can talk at length!"

As Penny rose to leave she held her handbag up before her and there was a barely audible "click."

"Chief, I have it!" exclaimed Penny, rushing into Ben Morgan's office. "I snapped a picture of Nearby with my miniature camera, fixed into the clasp of my handbag. I stalled him off when he got suspicious."

Fine! Where's the photo?"

They're developing it in the lab," she said "How about you? Could you find out anything about Nearby?"

Not yet," said Morgan. "We've checked his name in medical records extending back thirty years, and there's not a single psychiatrist by that name. So far, we can't—"

A white-smocked girl entered the office, holding out a still wet photographic print.

Ben Morgan examined the photo of Carl Nearby slowly, without speaking. Then he reached out to one of the books at his shoulder. "Files of confidence men and swindlers," he explained. "Nearby's face . . . certainly . . . seems . . . familiar . . ."

There!"

Morgan's stubby finger pointed at a photograph that bore a striking resemblance to Carl Nearby. "He must have dyed his hair and eyebrows—but I'll swear it's the same man. Let's see. He used to call himself Calvin Norton. Even the initials are the same!"

What was he convicted of, Chief?" Penny asked.

Hmmm. Swindling and blackmail."

"Blackmail!" Penny gasped "Those large withdrawals that Van Brook made from the bank, right after he stopped seeing Nearby. Do you think that—posing as a psychiatrist—Nearby might have been blackmailing Van Brook, and that finally the dealer might have killed himself in desperation?"

Ben Morgan slammed the book together. "It certainly fits in," he said. "But we haven't got the goods on Nearby until we find out just who cashed those fifteen thousand dollar checks. We'll go to work on that Meanwhile, Penny, you get over to Nearby's place and stick around outside. If he tries to beat it, get word to me on the two-way radio!"

Roger, Chief!"

Ten minutes later, Penny Graves was sitting in her little coupe, parked down the block from Nearby's office. There was a long black sedan in front of the house, but no other sign of activity. It was growing late in the evening now, and the street lamps began to flicker on. Suddenly, as Penny watched, the slender figure of Carl Nearby hurried out of the building. Carrying a leather portfolio, he climbed into the sedan. With a clashing of gears and a powerful throb of motors, he was speeding down the block.

"This is it!" Penny exclaimed. She flicked on the radio and spoke a few staccato words into it.

Then her coupe raced away in pursuit of Nearby's big sedan.

Jamming her foot against the brake, Penny screeched to a stop scant inches from the other car. Her hands rose, as Carl Nearby came toward her in the dark street, holding a levelled automatic.

"Get out," he said, "and stand against that building wall."

Penny slowly climbed out and backed up against the wall, beneath an overhanging fire escape. Nearby followed her, like a snake closing in on a paralyzed rabbit.

"When did the coppers get wise?" he asked harshly. "When—and how?"

Penny answered with an effort. "Those big checks that Van Brook drew from the bank. That and his suicide made it look like blackmail. Plus your prison record . . . Mr. Calvin Norton."

Nearby's gun twitched uncontrollably for a moment.

"So you know that too, eh? Let me give you the rest of the story—before I finish you off. I met Van Brook in jail, years ago. He was doing time for robbery. Later, when I got out, I set myself up as a phony psychiatrist. It was a good racket, and then I met him again, and saw how successful he'd become. It was worth his while to pay me well to shut me up about his jail sentence . . . until he got discouraged and panicky—and committed suicide.

"That put the heat on me," Nearby went on, "but I'm ducking right now—and you won't be able to tip the cops off about me!"

His finger tightened on the automatic's trigger.

REFLEX-SWIFT, Penny's hand reached up and grabbed at an iron rod above her, pulling hard. The release to the fire escape extension caught for a moment and then slipped down. Penny flung herself to one side, as the tremendously heavy metal ladder thundered down. It smashed against Carl Nearby, hurling him to the ground and pinioning him there in a relentless iron grasp. His gun went off once harmlessly and then dropped against the wall, where Penny grabbed it.

"You're through," she said softly. "Van Brook's death was a suicide all right—but it put us on the trail that led to you!"

From the street outside the dark alleyway came the hornet-like whining of police car sirens, drawing nearer and nearer . . .

# THE PHANTOM EAGLE AND THE RETURN OF THE BLACK FLAMINGO!

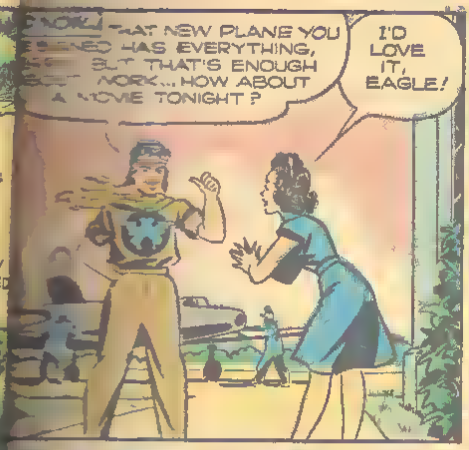
MICKEY MALONE, BOY MECHANIC, DURING THE WAR WHO LED THE FAMED PHOENIX SQUADRON AGAINST ENEMIES OF THE ALLIED FORCES IN HIS SECRET IDENTITY, HAS BEEN APPOINTED GUARDIAN OF THE AIRWAYS BY INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES TO KEEP THE SKY-LANES FREE FROM VILLAINY AND CORRUPTION AS THE CELEBRATED PHANTOM EAGLE!

OF ALL THE ENEMIES FACED BY PHANTOM EAGLE IN HIS FIGHT FOR JUSTICE IN THE SKIES, NONE WAS EVER MORE FORMIDABLE THAN THE EVIL BLACK FLAMINGO!

AFTER BITTER FIGHTING, THE BLACK FLAMINGO WAS AT LAST BROUGHT DOWN IN THE HEART OF A GREAT SWAMP IN THE DEEP SOUTH!

BELIEVING THE BLACK FLAMINGO DEAD PHANTOM EAGLE TURNS HIS COMETPLANE HOMEWARD...

DRAWN BY MARC SWAYZE

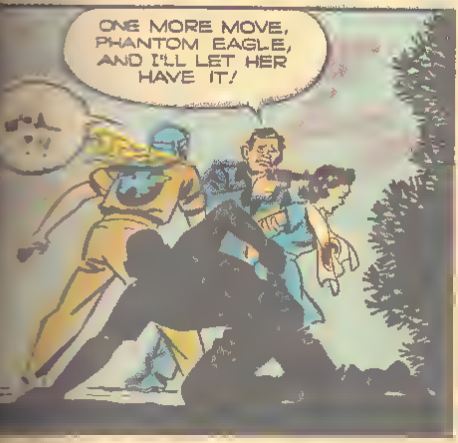

THAT NEW PLANE YOU
HAS EVERYTHING,
BUT THAT'S ENOUGH
WORK... HOW ABOUT
A MOVIE TONIGHT?
I'D LOVE IT, EAGLE!

THAT NIGHT...
THAT WAS A SCARY MOVIE, EAGLE...I'M STILL A LITTLE FRIGHTENED...
NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF, JERRY! WHY, THAT'S THE AIRPORT RIGHT OVER...

HEY!
GET HIM!

WANT TO PLAY GAMES, EH?
TAKE THAT!
EAGLE... HELP!
SMACK

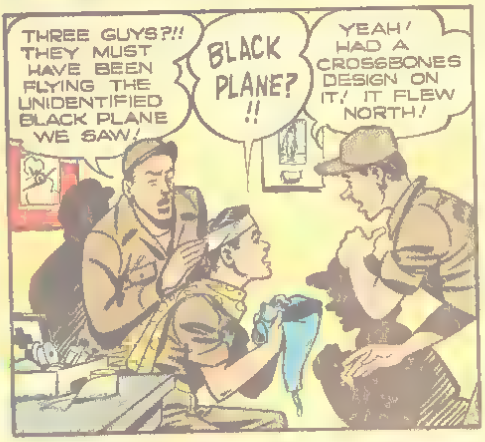
COMING, JERRY!
MMF!
WHAM!


ONE MORE MOVE, PHANTOM EAGLE, AND I'LL LET HER HAVE IT!

THERE!
SOK!

C'MON! YOU'RE GOIN' WIT' US!
OH, NO... PLEASE!

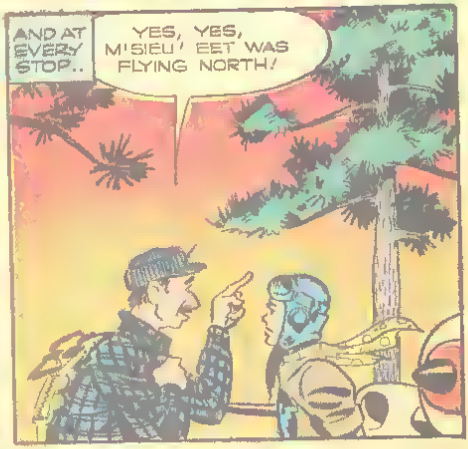
THE NEXT MORNING...
PHANTOM EAGLE!!
WHAT HAPPENED ?!!
OOOO... GOT TO.. FIND.. J-JERRY...


THREE GUYS?!! THEY MUST HAVE BEEN FLYING THE UNIDENTIFIED BLACK PLANE WE SAW!
BLACK PLANE?!!
YEAH! HAD A CROSSBONES DESIGN ON IT! IT FLEW NORTH!

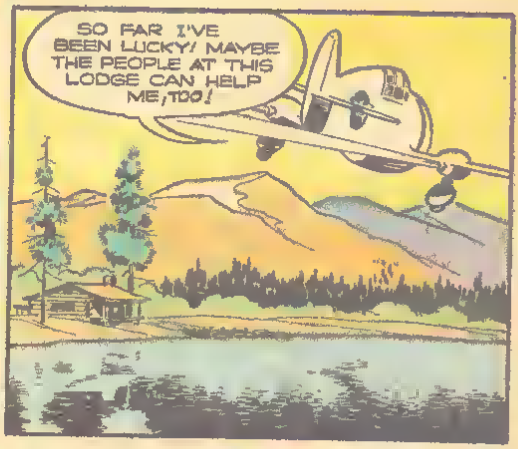
CROSSBONES?!! WHY THAT'S... NO, IT CAN'T BE! BUT I'M GOING TO FIND OUT!

PHANTOM EAGLE TAKES OFF, FLYING NORTH... ON THE TRAIL OF THE MYSTERIOUS BLACK PLANE...

I SHORE DIO BEE IT, SON! WENT THETAWAY!

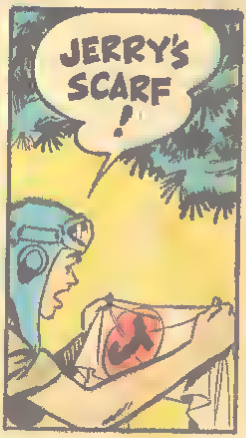

AND AT EVERY STOP..
YES, YES, M'SIEU' EET WAS FLYING NORTH!

INDEED I DID SEE IT, PHANTOM EAGLE! YOU'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK!
THANKS!

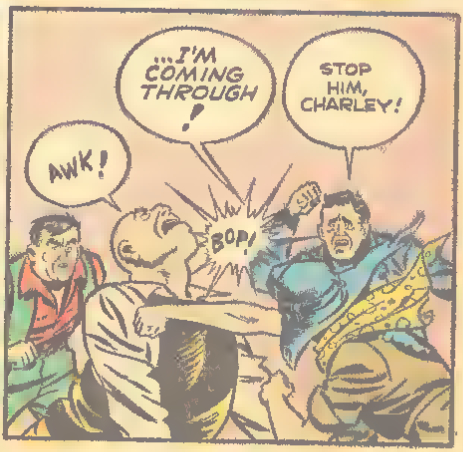

SO FAR I'VE BEEN LUCKY! MAYBE THE PEOPLE AT THIS LODGE CAN HELP ME, TOO!

WE AIN'T SEEN NOBODY... AND STRANGERS AIN'T WELCOME HERE!
WHY, ER... THANKS!

THAT WAS A TOUGH LOOKING FELLOW... RUDE, TOO! WELL, I GUESS... SAY!! WHAT'S THIS?!!


JERRY'S SCARF!

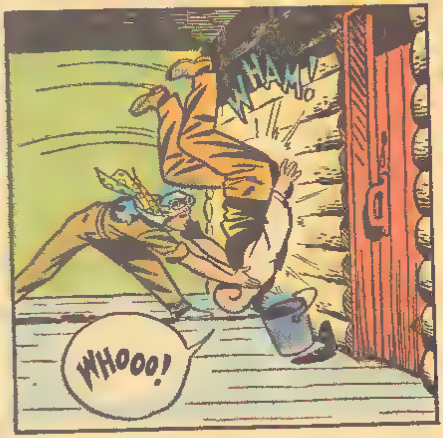
OUTTA MY WAY, BIG BOY...


...I'M COMING THROUGH!
STOP HIM, CHARLEY!
AWK!
BOP!

HOW DD YOU LIKE THAT, CHARLEY?
WHACK!
OOF!!

THIS IS FOR JERRY!
OOOO...!
BIFF!

LET'S SEE YOU GIT OUTTA DIS ONE!
UGH... G-G...!

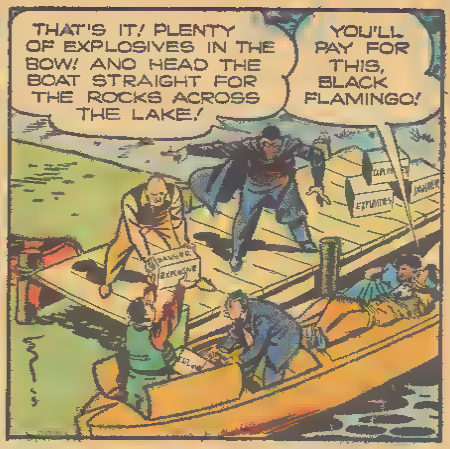

WHAM!
WHOOO!

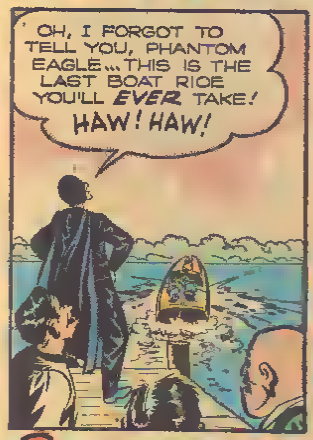
JERRY!! WHA...?!!

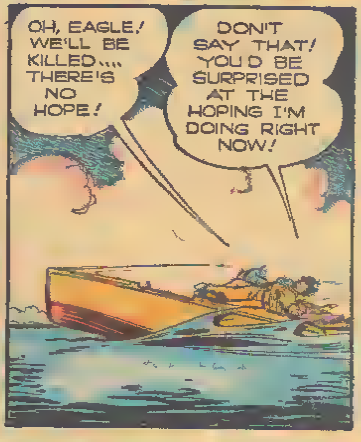
THE BLACK FLAMINGO.... I SUSPECTED YOU WERE BEHIND ALL THIS!
ONE MOVE, PHANTOM EAGLE, AND YOU AND THE GIRL BOTH DIE!
I KNEW YOU'D COME, EAGLE!

YOU THOUGHT I DIED... BUT I LIVED FOR REVENGE! THAT'S WHY I KIDNAPPED YOUR GIRL FRIEND! NOW I HAVE YOU BOTH HERE... I'M GOING TO TREAT YOU TO A BOAT RIDE...
HAW!

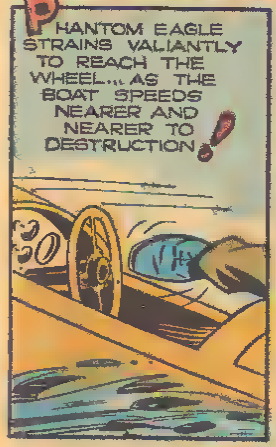
BOAT RIDE ?!!
YES...HA HA! TIE THEM IN THE SPEEDBOAT, MEN!
RIGHT, CHIEF!

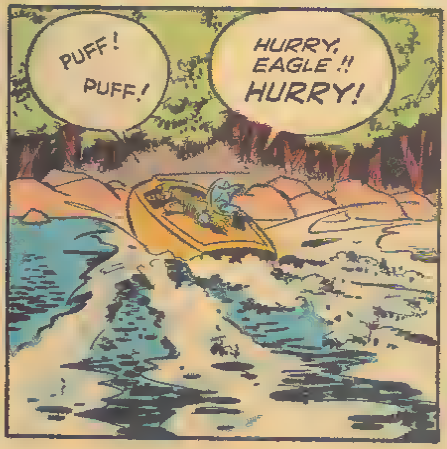

THAT'S IT! PLENTY OF EXPLOSIVES IN THE BOW! AND HEAD THE BOAT STRAIGHT FOR THE ROCKS ACROSS THE LAKE!
YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, BLACK FLAMINGO!

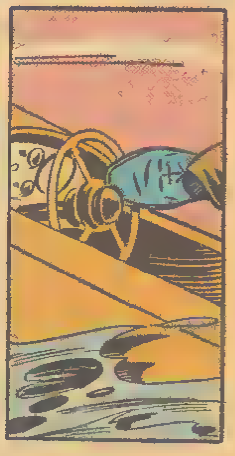

OH, I FORGOT TO TELL YOU, PHANTOM EAGLE...THIS IS THE LAST BOAT RIDE YOU'LL EVER TAKE! HAW! HAW!

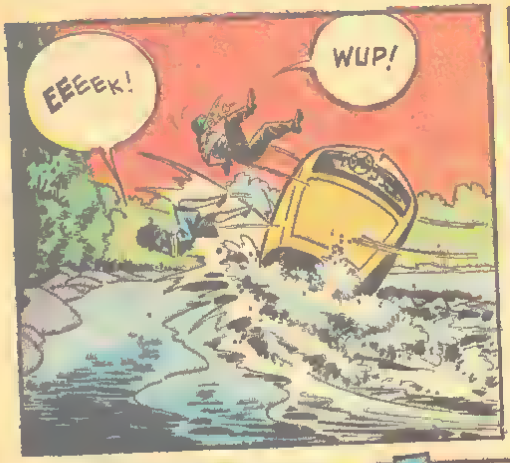

OH, EAGLE! WE'LL BE KILLED.... THERE'S NO HOPE!
DON'T SAY THAT! YOU'D BE SURPRISED AT THE HOPING I'M DOING RIGHT NOW!

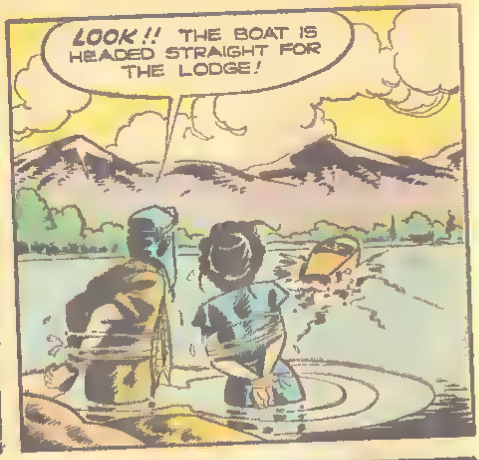
PUFF...IF I CAN ONLY... PUFF... REACH THE... WHEEL...


PHANTOM EAGLE STRAINS VALIANTLY TO REACH THE WHEEL... AS THE BOAT SPEEDS NEARER AND NEARER TO DESTRUCTION!

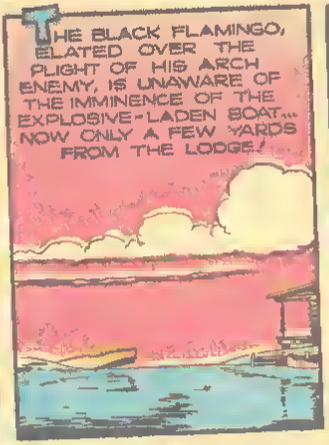

PUFF! PUFF!
HURRY, EAGLE!! HURRY!

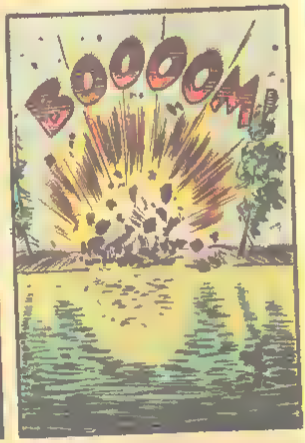



EEEEK!
WUP!

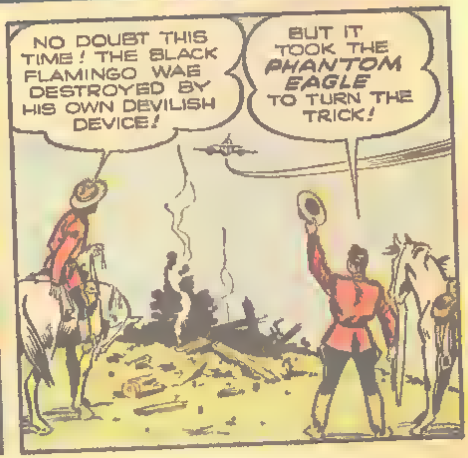

LOOK!! THE BOAT IS HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE LODGE!

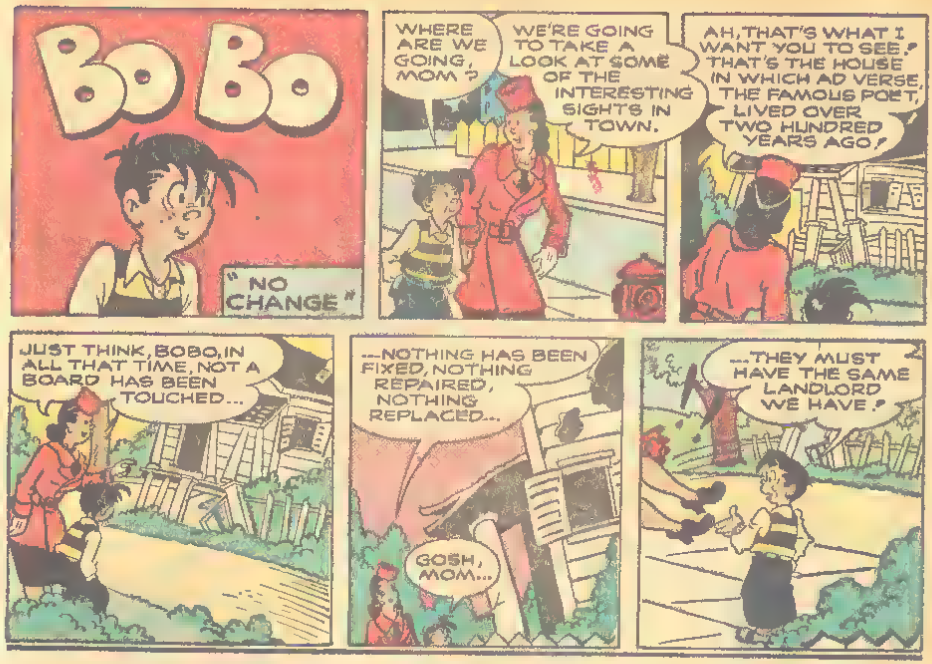
HAW! HAW! WHAT A WAY TO FINISH OFF THE PHANTOM EAGLE! WHAT A BOAT RIDE!
HA HA HA! CHIEF, YOU'RE THE CLEVER ONE!


THE BLACK FLAMINGO, ELATED OVER THE PLIGHT OF HIS ARCH ENEMY, IS UNAWARE OF THE IMMINENCE OF THE EXPLOSIVE-LADEN BOAT... NOW ONLY A FEW YARDS FROM THE LODGE!


BOOOOM

WE SAW THE WHOLE THING, PHANTOM EAGLE... BUT WERE UNABLE TO REACH YOU IN TIME TO HELP!
NO MATTER! I KNEW EAGLE WOULD SAVE US!
WE WERE LUCKY!


NO DOUBT THIS TIME! THE BLACK FLAMINGO WAS DESTROYED BY HIS OWN DEVILISH DEVICE!
BUT IT TOOK THE PHANTOM EAGLE TO TURN THE TRICK!

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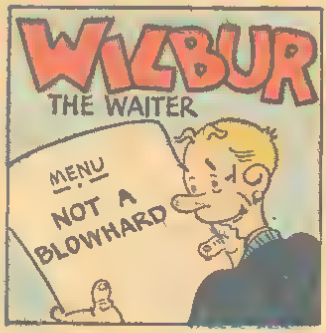
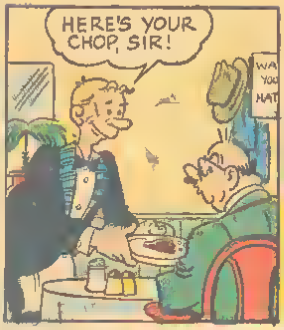
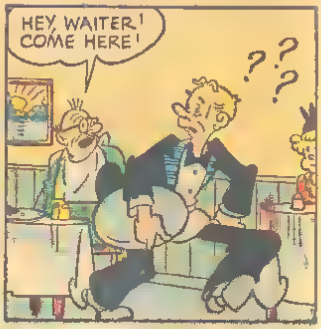
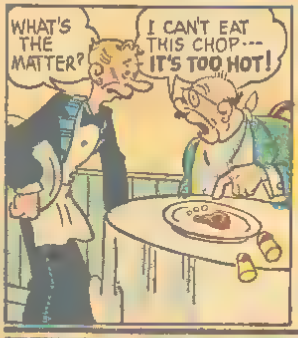
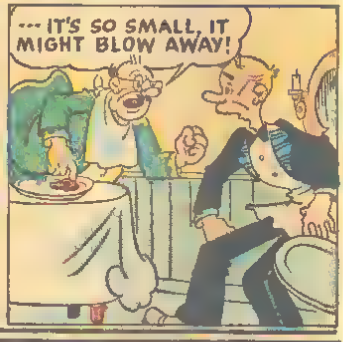




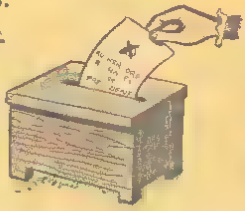

# QUIZ

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY! SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS 5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT – 4 CORRECT, GOOD – 3 CORRECT, FAIR – 2 CORRECT, POOR

1. THE SAN FRANCISCO BASEBALL TEAM IS CALLED THE SEALS.
   *TRUE* ☐
   *FALSE* ☐

2. DENMARK HAS A KING.
   *TRUE* ☐
   *FALSE* ☐

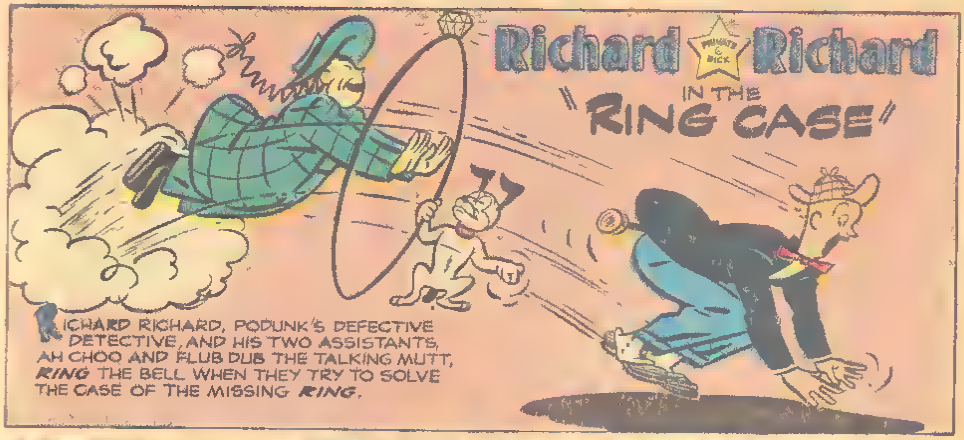
3. RUTHERFORD B. HAYES WAS ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES BY ONE ELECTORAL VOTE.
   *TRUE* ☐
   *FALSE* ☐

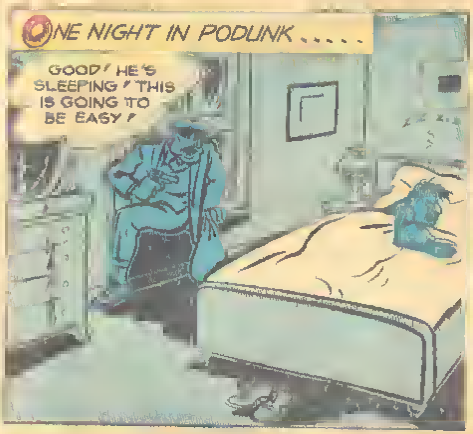


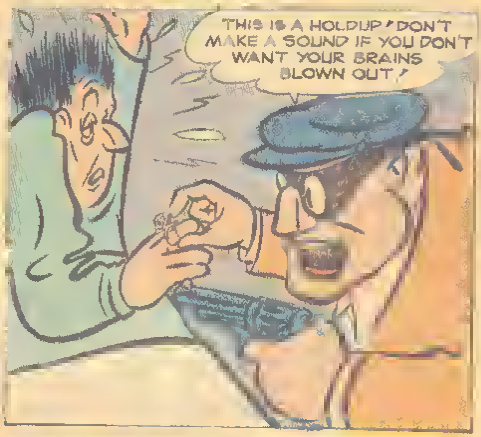
4. BOSTON IS CALLED THE "ATHENS OF AMERICA".
   *TRUE* ☐ *FALSE* ☐

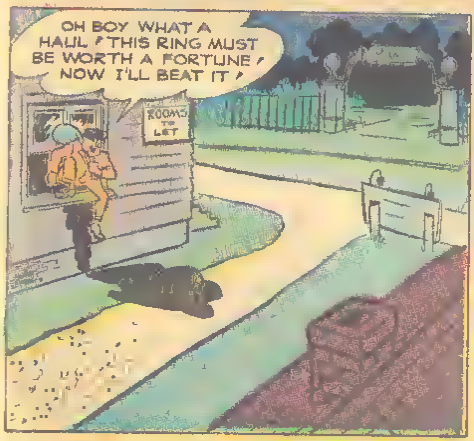
5. THERE'S AN OBJECT THAT HAS TO BE CHOPPED DOWN TO BE CHOPPED UP.
   *TRUE* ☐ *FALSE* ☐

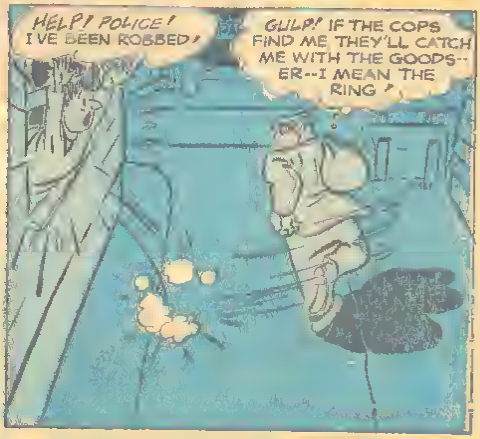
1 TRUE 2. TRUE 3 TRUE 4 TRUE.
5 TRUE, A TREE!


Richard Richard
IN THE
"RING CASE"
RICHARD RICHARD, PODUNK'S DEFECTIVE DETECTIVE, AND HIS TWO ASSISTANTS, AH CHOO AND FLUB DUB THE TALKING MUTT, RING THE BELL WHEN THEY TRY TO SOLVE THE CASE OF THE MISSING RING.

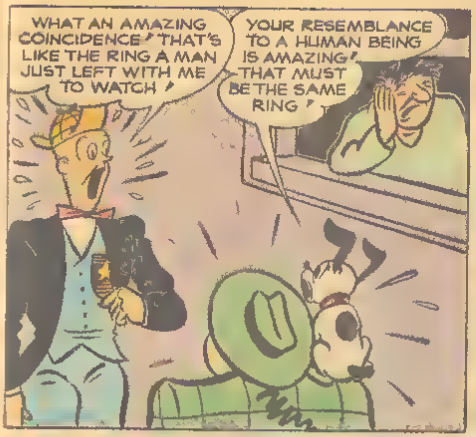

ONE NIGHT IN PODUNK.....
GOOD! HE'S SLEEPING! THIS IS GOING TO BE EASY!

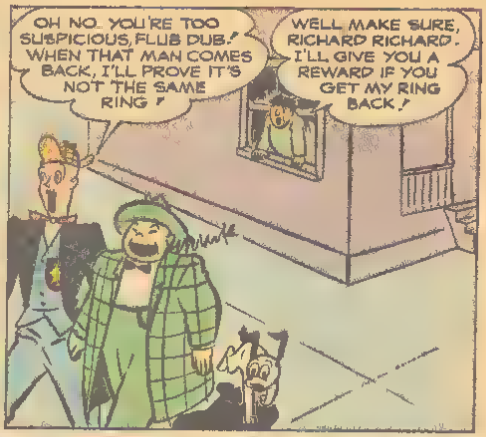

THIS IS A HOLDUP! DON'T MAKE A SOUND IF YOU DON'T WANT YOUR BRAINS BLOWN OUT!


OH BOY WHAT A HAUL! THIS RING MUST BE WORTH A FORTUNE! NOW I'LL BEAT IT!
ROOMS TO LET


HELP! POLICE! I'VE BEEN ROBBED!
GULP! IF THE COPS FIND ME, THEY'LL CATCH ME WITH THE GOODS-- ER--I MEAN THE RING!

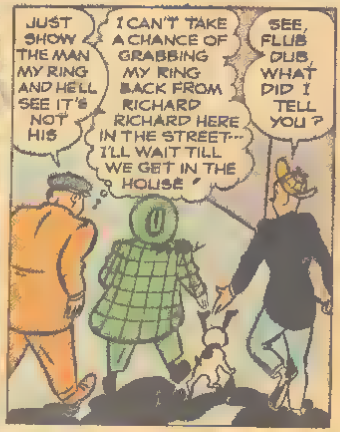
I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING FAST!... HEY, WHAT'S THAT?
PARK
WHY, IT'S RICHARD RICHARD, THE DUMB DETECTIVE! WHAT A BREAK, HE'LL SOLVE MY PROBLEM!
PRIVATE OFFICE AND PRIVATE HOME OF RICHARD RICHARD PRIVATE DETECTIVE
HUH? WHAT'S THE MATTER?
YOU'RE RICHARD RICHARD, THE GREAT DETECTIVE ---YOU CAN HELP ME!
HE'S NOT GREAT AND HE CAN'T EVEN HELP HIMSELF!
I'M AFRAID SOMEONE IS GOING TO STEAL MY VALUABLE SKULL AND BONES RING, SO I WANT YOU TO GUARD IT UNTIL IT'S SAFE FOR ME TO WEAR IT AGAIN!
IF YOU WANT IT TO BE SAFE, PUT IT IN A SAFE! DON'T GIVE IT TO RICHARD RICHARD!
YOU'RE DOING A SMART THING NOW YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT IT!
GOOD! I'LL BE BACK FOR IT SHORTLY
THERE'S SOMETHING PHONY ABOUT THAT GUY! I DON'T TRUST HIM!
MEANWHILE...
LOOK! SOMETHING HAPPENED OVER THERE!
MAYBE THEY RE PLAYING COPS AND ROBBERS! LET'S GO OVER AND SEE!
THE ONLY THING I CAN'T SEE IS HOW A GUY COULD BE AS DUMB AS YOU!
ROOMS
PAR
I'M RICHARD RICHARD THE PRIVATE DETECTIVE WHAT'S THE MATTER?
I'VE BEEN ROBBED OF A DIAMOND SKULL AND BONES RING!


WHAT AN AMAZING COINCIDENCE! THAT'S LIKE THE RING A MAN JUST LEFT WITH ME TO WATCH!
YOUR RESEMBLANCE TO A HUMAN BEING IS AMAZING! THAT MUST BE THE SAME RING!

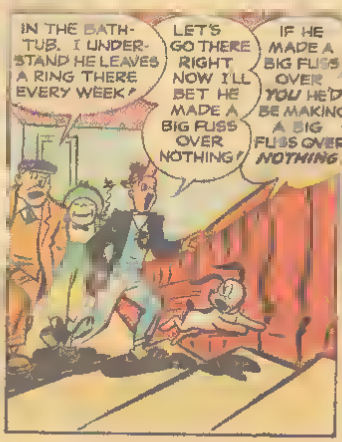

OH NO. YOU'RE TOO SUSPICIOUS, FLUB DUB! WHEN THAT MAN COMES BACK, I'LL PROVE IT'S NOT THE SAME RING!
WELL, MAKE SURE, RICHARD RICHARD. I'LL GIVE YOU A REWARD IF YOU GET MY RING BACK!

LATER WHEN THE CROOK COMES BACK.....
THE COAST IS CLEAR NOW! I CAN TAKE BACK THE RING!
I'D LIKE TO HAVE MY RING BACK NOW!
CERTAINLY...

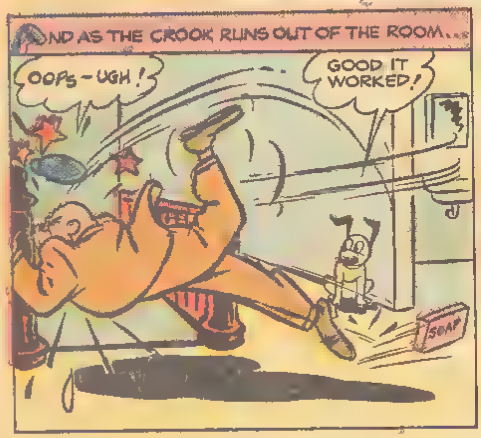
---BUT BEFORE I GIVE IT BACK, I WANT TO PROVE TO FLUB DUB THAT IT'S NOT THE SAME RING THAT WAS STOLEN FROM THE MAN ACROSS THE STREET!
I DON'T KNOW IF HE'S WISE OR NOT--BUT IF HE'S RICHARD RICHARD HE'S NOT SO WISE!
PARK

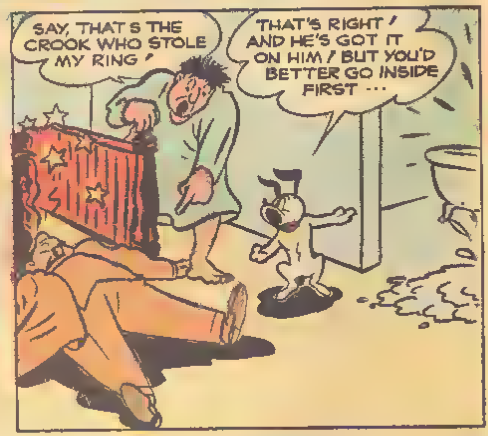

JUST SHOW THE MAN MY RING AND HE'LL SEE IT'S NOT HIS
I CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE OF GRABBING MY RING BACK FROM RICHARD RICHARD HERE IN THE STREET--I'LL WAIT TILL WE GET IN THE HOUSE!
SEE, FLUB DUB, WHAT DID I TELL YOU?

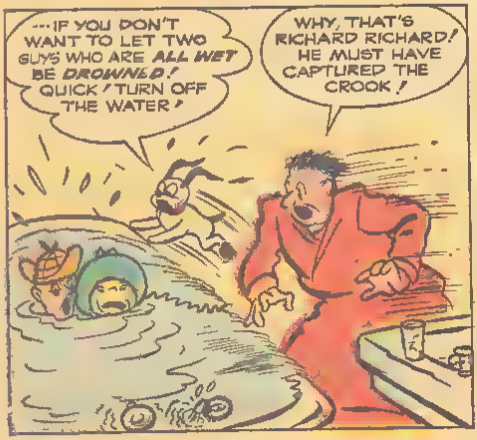
AND AS THEY ENTER THE HOUSE..
IF THAT GUY MISPLACED HIS RING, I KNOW WHERE IT IS
OH THAT'S GREAT! WHERE?

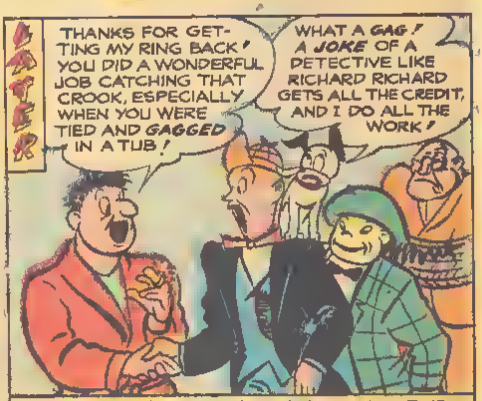

IN THE BATH-TUB. I UNDERSTAND HE LEAVES A RING THERE EVERY WEEK!
LET'S GO THERE RIGHT NOW I'LL BET HE MADE A BIG FUSS OVER NOTHING!
IF HE MADE A BIG FUSS OVER YOU HE'D BE MAKING A BIG FUSS OVER NOTHING!

I DON'T SEE ANY RING HERE! I GUESS THAT MAN MIS-PLACED IT SOMEWHERE ELSE!
YOU MISPLACED YOUR BRAIN--AND I DON'T KNOW WHERE!
NOW TO GET MY RING BACK!

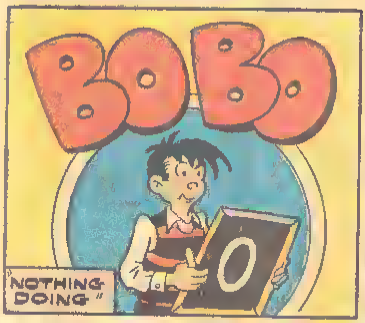


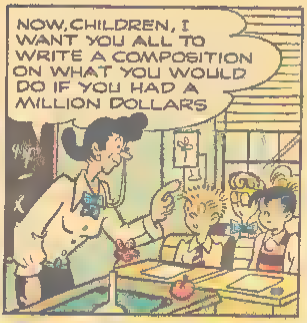



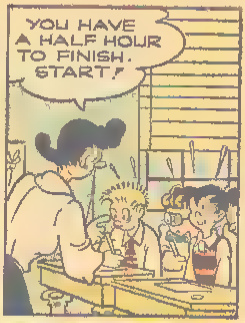



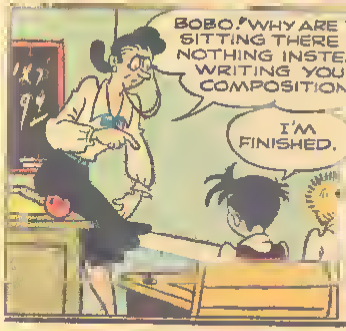



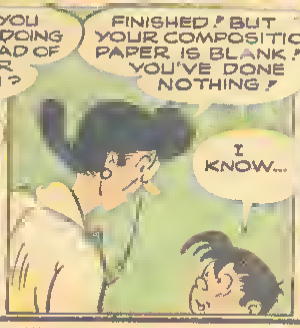

FOLLOW THE ZANY ADVENTURES OF TONSIL-TITTILATING RICHARD RICHARD IN EACH MONTHLY ISSUE of WOW!

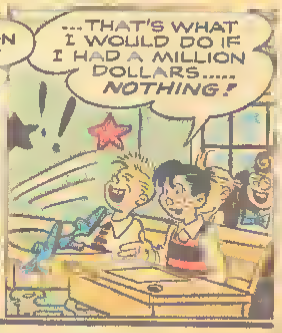


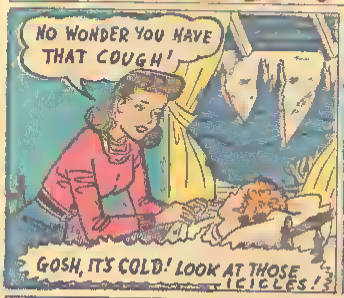




ADVERTISEMENT

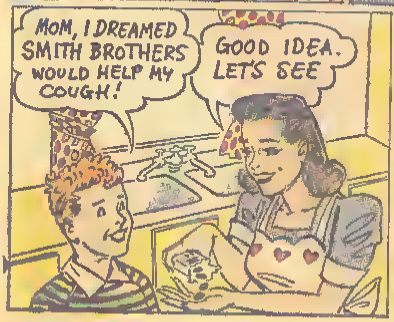
# Danny's Dream by S.P. Black

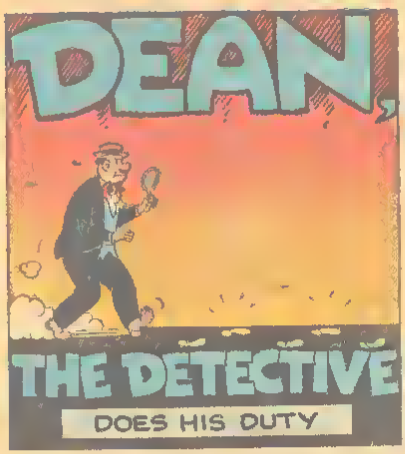


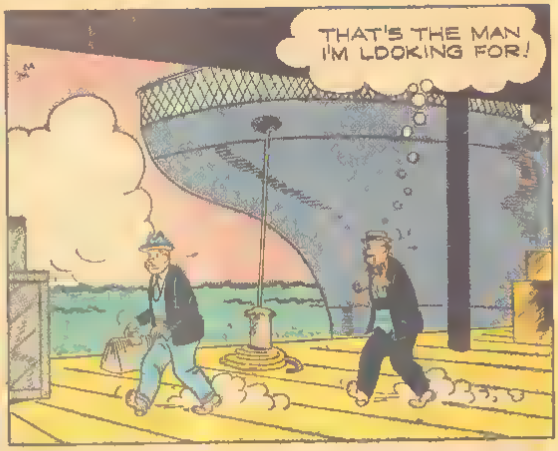
Smith Brothers Cough Drops Help 3 Ways

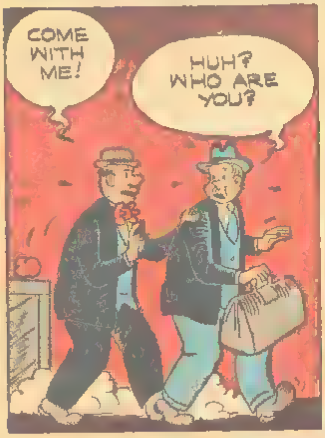
*
1. Eases throat tickle
2. Soothes raw irritated membranes
3. Helps loosen phlegm

* for coughs due to colds



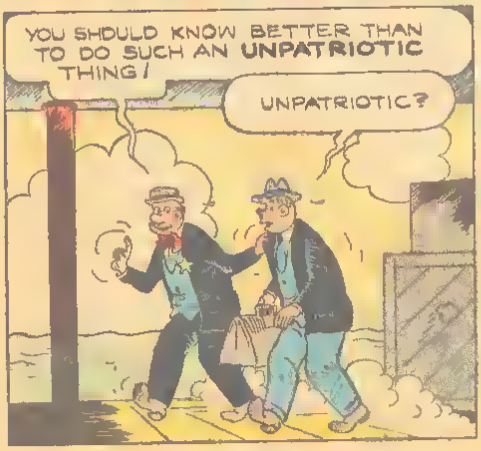

DEAN,
THE DETECTIVE
DOES HIS DUTY

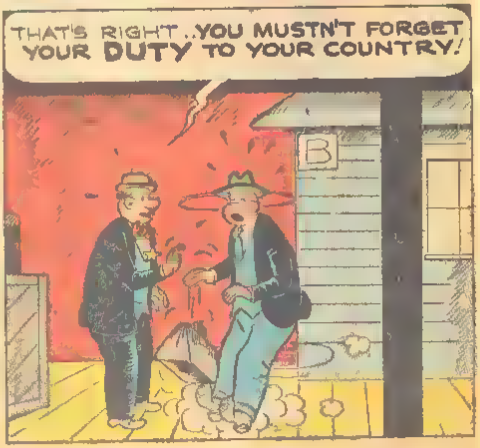

THAT'S THE MAN I'M LOOKING FOR!


COME WITH ME!
HUH? WHO ARE YOU?

I'M DEAN, THE DETECTIVE!
ER, ER, W-WHAT DO YOU W-WANT W-W-WITH M-ME?

YOU KNOW WHAT I WANT.. YOU'VE GOT DIAMONDS IN THERE AND YOU TRIED TO SMUGGLE THEM THROUGH THE CUSTOMS WITHOUT PAYING THE DUTY!


YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO DO SUCH AN UNPATRIOTIC THING!
UNPATRIOTIC?

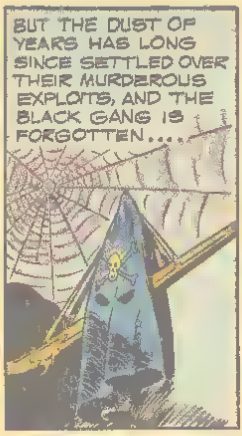

THAT'S RIGHT..YOU MUSTN'T FORGET YOUR DUTY TO YOUR COUNTRY!

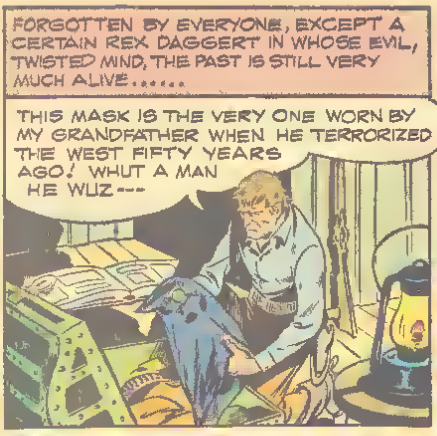
# TOM MIX AND THE BLACK GANG!

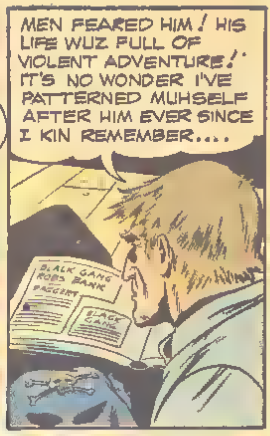
ACROSS THE SPAN OF HALF A CENTURY, THE KILLER RETURNED! ONCE AGAIN THE THUNDERING HOOVES OF THE BLACK GANG SOUNDED ACROSS A COUNTRYSIDE THAT HAD NOT HEARD THEM IN SEVERAL DECADES! AND TOM MIX PLUNGED HEAD-LONG INTO A MAZE OF SINISTER MYSTERY!

ON THE PAGES OF THE OLD, UNTAMED AND VIOLENT WEST, THE NAME OF THE BLACK GANG IS WRITTEN IN LETTERS OF BLOOD!

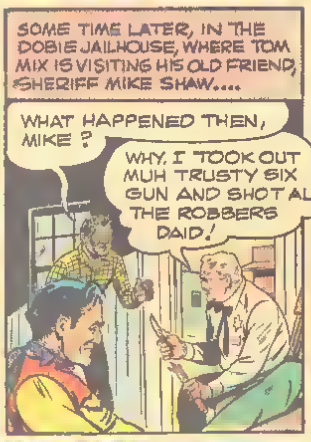
PILLAGING AND BURNING, THEY RUTHLESSLY PLUNDERED HOME-STEADS AND FRONTIER TOWNS....

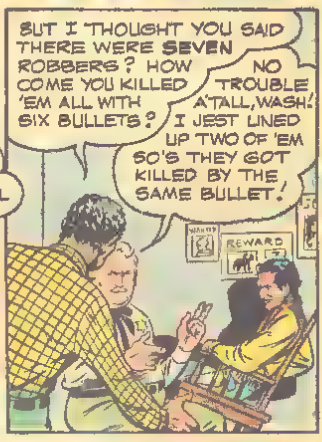

BUT THE DUST OF YEARS HAS LONG SINCE SETTLED OVER THEIR MURDEROUS EXPLOITS, AND THE BLACK GANG IS FORGOTTEN....


FORGOTTEN BY EVERYONE, EXCEPT A CERTAIN REX DAGGERT IN WHOSE EVIL, TWISTED MIND, THE PAST IS STILL VERY MUCH ALIVE.....
THIS MASK IS THE VERY ONE WORN BY MY GRANDFATHER WHEN HE TERRORIZED THE WEST FIFTY YEARS AGO! WHUT A MAN HE WUZ---

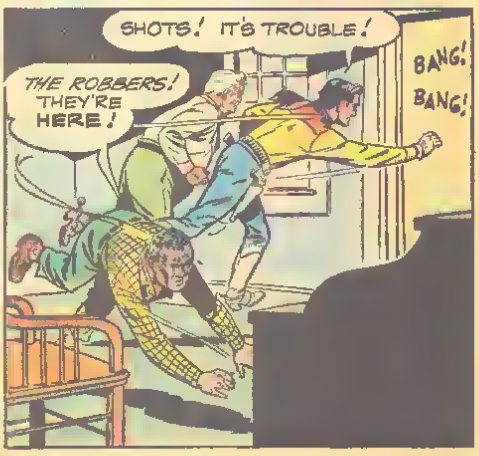

MEN FEARED HIM! HIS LIFE WUZ FULL OF VIOLENT ADVENTURE! IT'S NO WONDER I'VE PATTERNED MUHSELF AFTER HIM EVER SINCE I KIN REMEMBER....
BLACK GANG ROBS BANK PAGEANT
BLACK GANG

I'M READY NOW! IT'S TIME THE BLACK GANG RODE AGIN---WITH A NEW LEADER!


SOME TIME LATER, IN THE DOBIE JAILHOUSE, WHERE TOM MIX IS VISITING HIS OLD FRIEND, SHERIFF MIKE SHAW....
WHAT HAPPENED THEN, MIKE?
WHY, I TOOK OUT MUH TRUSTY SIX GUN AND SHOT ALL THE ROBBERS DAID!


BUT I THOUGHT YOU SAID THERE WERE SEVEN ROBBERS? HOW COME YOU KILLED 'EM ALL WITH SIX BULLETS?
NO TROUBLE A'TALL, WASH! I JEST LINED UP TWO OF 'EM SO'S THEY GOT KILLED BY THE SAME BULLET!
WANTED
REWARD

BANG!
BANG!
WHUT'S THAT?

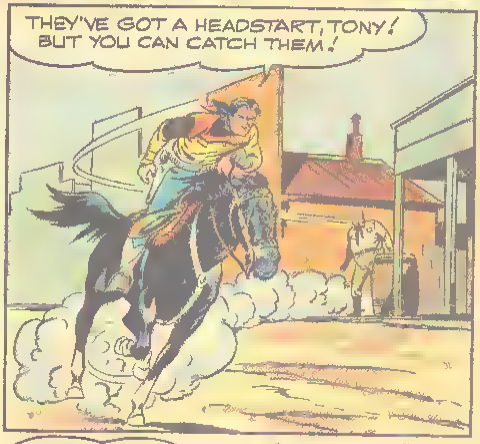

SHOTS! IT'S TROUBLE!
THE ROBBERS! THEY'RE HERE!
BANG!
BANG!

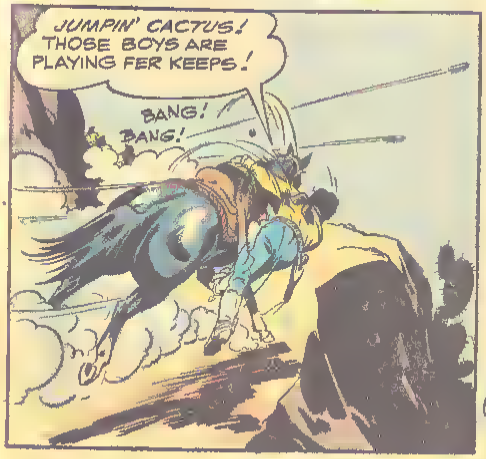
MASKED MEN! THEY'RE ROBBING THE MUSIC HALL!
DOBIE
MUSIC HALL

DOWN, MIKE!
BANG. BANG! BANG! BANG!
GOLD

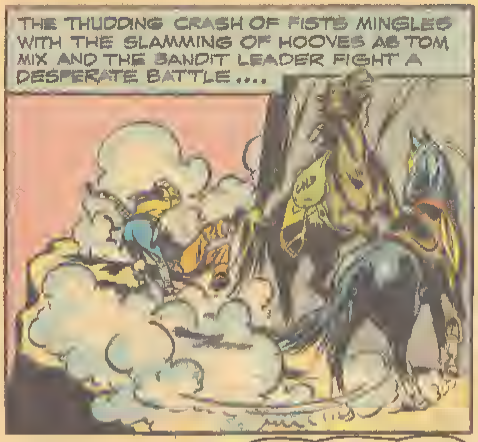
I'LL BE A BANDY-LEGGED ROOSTER! THEY'RE GITTIN' AWAY!
BANG
BANG

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!

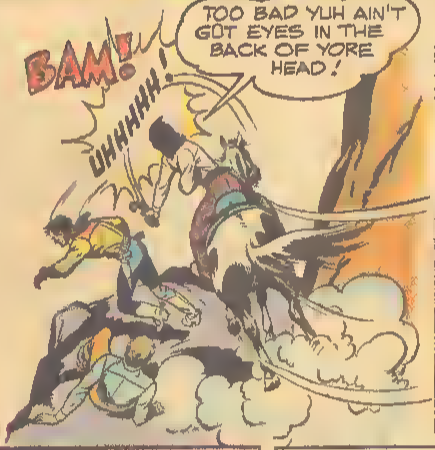

THEY'VE GOT A HEADSTART, TONY! BUT YOU CAN CATCH THEM!


JUMPIN' CACTUS! THOSE BOYS ARE PLAYING FER KEEPS!
BANG!
BANG!

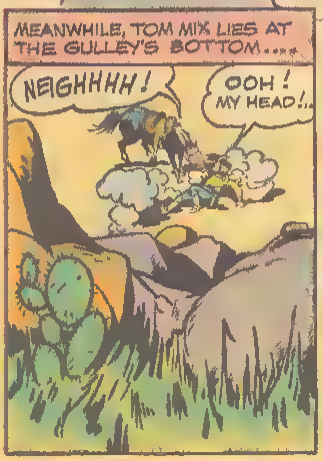
I DON'T MIND PLAYING IT YOUR WAY!
#!!?*@!!
GOLD

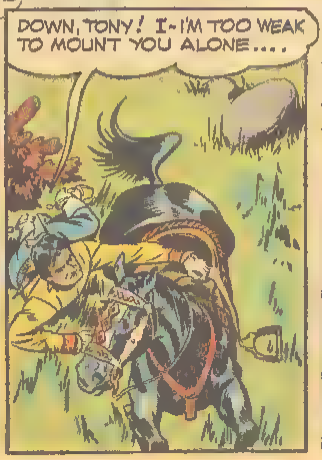

THE THUDDING CRASH OF FISTS MINGLES WITH THE SLAMMING OF HOOVES AS TOM MIX AND THE BANDIT LEADER FIGHT A DESPERATE BATTLE....

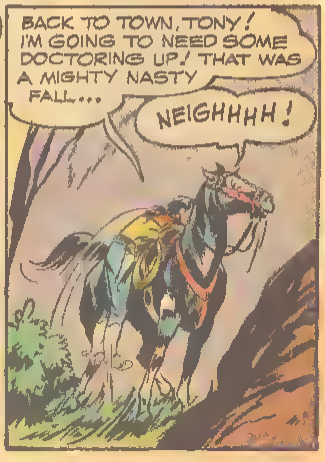
LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT YOU, MISTER!
I-I GIVE UP! DON'T HIT ME AGIN!


BAM!
UHHHHH!
TOO BAD YUH AIN'T GOT EYES IN THE BACK OF YORE HEAD!

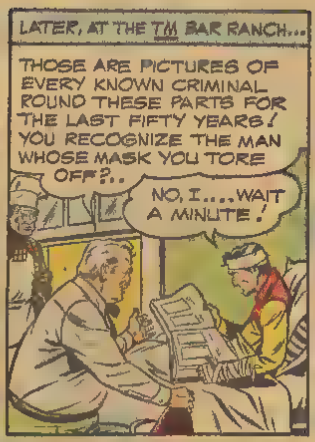
THAT'S HIS FINISH! LET'S GIT MOVING BEFORE THE SHERIFF'S POSSE PICKS UP OUR TRAIL!


MEANWHILE, TOM MIX LIES AT THE GULLEY'S BOTTOM....
NEIGHHHH!
OOH! MY HEAD!..

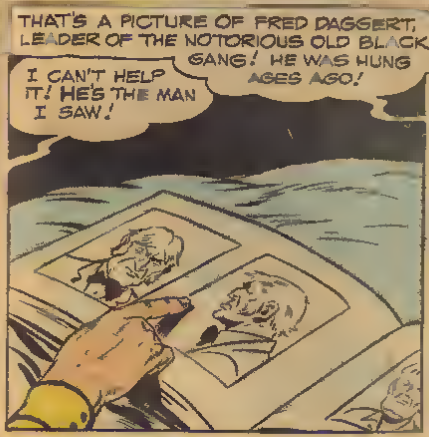

DOWN, TONY! I-I'M TOO WEAK TO MOUNT YOU ALONE....

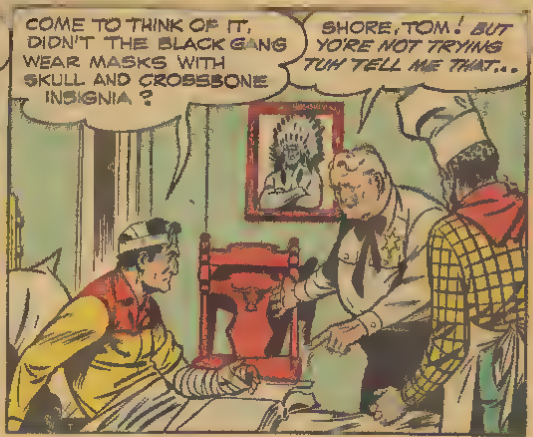

BACK TO TOWN, TONY! I'M GOING TO NEED SOME DOCTORING UP! THAT WAS A MIGHTY NASTY FALL...
NEIGHHHH!

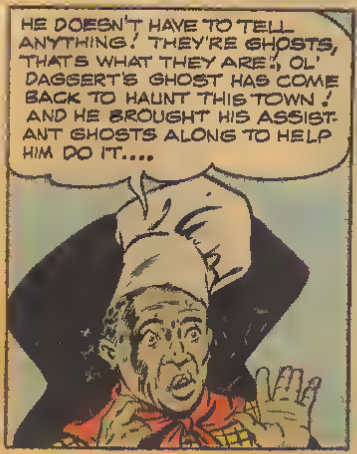
SOON...
IT'S TOM MIX! HE'S HURT BAD.. ..GIVE ME A HAND, WASH!
THAT TONY SURE LOOKS AFTER HIS BOSS! YES, SIRREE!
JAIL HOUSE

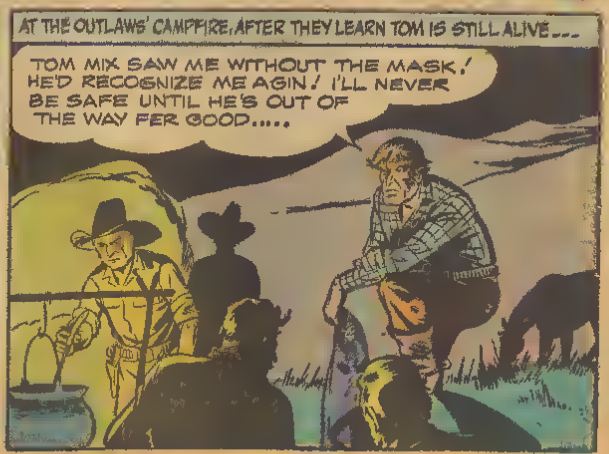

LATER, AT THE TM BAR RANCH...
THOSE ARE PICTURES OF EVERY KNOWN CRIMINAL ROUND THESE PARTS FOR THE LAST FIFTY YEARS! YOU RECOGNIZE THE MAN WHOSE MASK YOU TORE OFF?..
NO, I....WAIT A MINUTE!

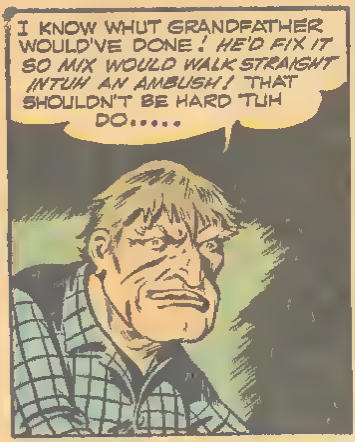
THAT'S THE MAN! I'D KNOW HIM ANYWHERE!
YUH MUST BE DE-LIRIOUS, TOM!

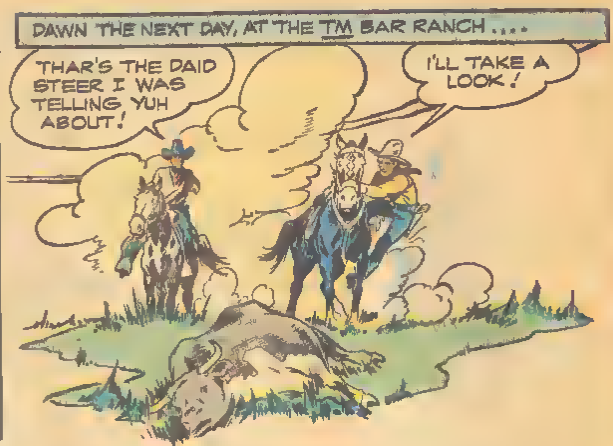

THAT'S A PICTURE OF FRED DAGGERT, LEADER OF THE NOTORIOUS OLD BLACK GANG! HE WAS HUNG AGES AGO!
I CAN'T HELP IT! HE'S THE MAN I SAW!

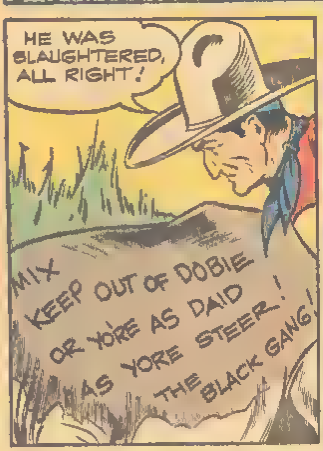

COME TO THINK OF IT, DIDN'T THE BLACK GANG WEAR MASKS WITH SKULL AND CROSSBONE INSIGNIA?
SHORE, TOM! BUT YO'RE NOT TRYING TUH TELL ME THAT...

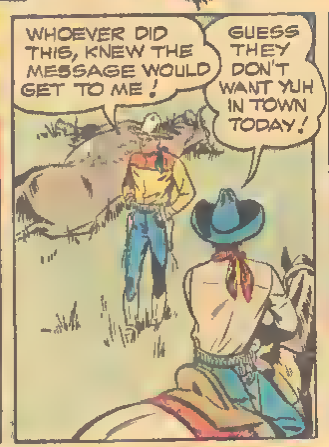

HE DOESN'T HAVE TO TELL ANYTHING! THEY'RE GHOSTS, THAT'S WHAT THEY ARE!, OL' DAGGERT'S GHOST HAS COME BACK TO HAUNT THIS TOWN! AND HE BROUGHT HIS ASSISTANT GHOSTS ALONG TO HELP HIM DO IT....

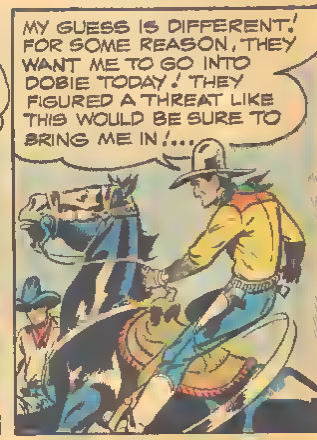

AT THE OUTLAWS' CAMPFIRE, AFTER THEY LEARN TOM IS STILL ALIVE...
TOM MIX SAW ME WITHOUT THE MASK! HE'D RECOGNIZE ME AGIN! I'LL NEVER BE SAFE UNTIL HE'S OUT OF THE WAY FER GOOD.....


I KNOW WHUT GRANDFATHER WOULD'VE DONE! HE'D FIX IT SO MIX WOULD WALK STRAIGHT INTUH AN AMBUSH! THAT SHOULDN'T BE HARD TUH DO.....

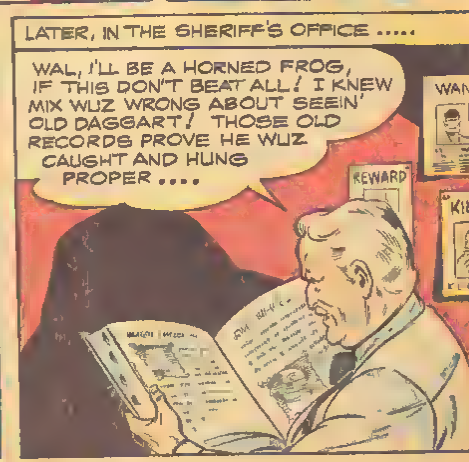

DAWN THE NEXT DAY, AT THE TM BAR RANCH ....
THAR'S THE DAID STEER I WAS TELLING YUH ABOUT!
I'LL TAKE A LOOK!


HE WAS SLAUGHTERED, ALL RIGHT!
MIX KEEP OUT OF DOBIE OR YORE AS DAID AS YORE STEER! THE BLACK GANG!

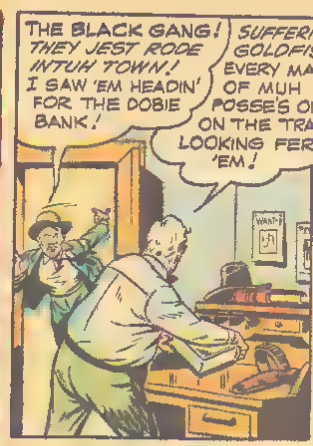

WHOEVER DID THIS, KNEW THE MESSAGE WOULD GET TO ME!
GUESS THEY DON'T WANT YUH IN TOWN TODAY!

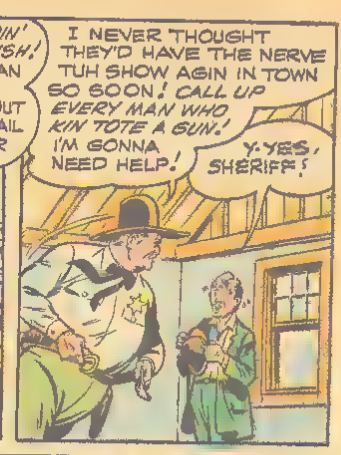

MY GUESS IS DIFFERENT! FOR SOME REASON, THEY WANT ME TO GO INTO DOBIE TODAY! THEY FIGURED A THREAT LIKE THIS WOULD BE SURE TO BRING ME IN!...

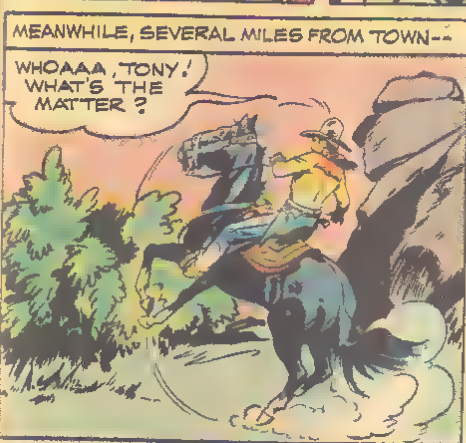
AND THEY WERE RIGHT! GIDDYAP, TONY!


LATER, IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE .....
WAL, I'LL BE A HORNED FROG, IF THIS DON'T BEAT ALL! I KNEW MIX WUZ WRONG ABOUT SEEIN' OLD DAGGART! THOSE OLD RECORDS PROVE HE WUZ CAUGHT AND HUNG PROPER ....
REWARD

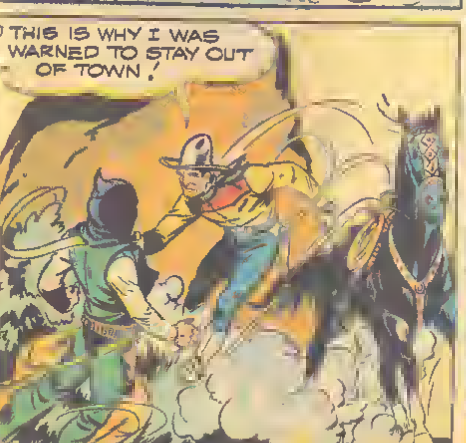
BUT WHAT BEATS ME, IS THAT THE MAN WHO CAUGHT HIM WUZ....
SHERIFF!

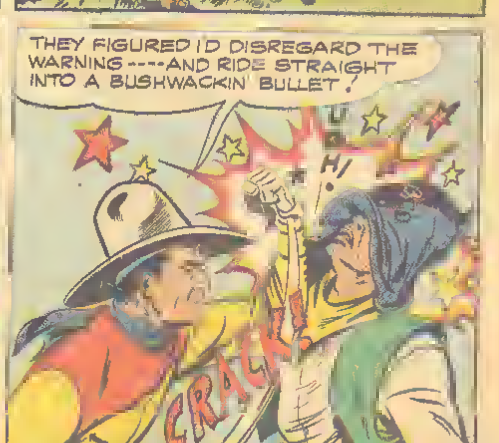

THE BLACK GANG! THEY JEST RODE INTUH TOWN! I SAW 'EM HEADIN' FOR THE DOBIE BANK!
SUFFERIN' GOLDFISH! EVERY MAN OF MUH POSSE'S OUT ON THE TRAIL LOOKING FER 'EM!

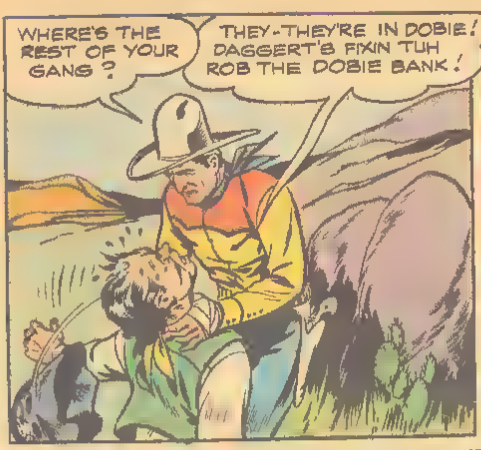

I NEVER THOUGHT THEY'D HAVE THE NERVE TUH SHOW AGIN IN TOWN SO SOON! CALL UP EVERY MAN WHO KIN TOTE A GUN! I'M GONNA NEED HELP!
Y-YES, SHERIFF!


MEANWHILE, SEVERAL MILES FROM TOWN--
WHOAAA, TONY! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

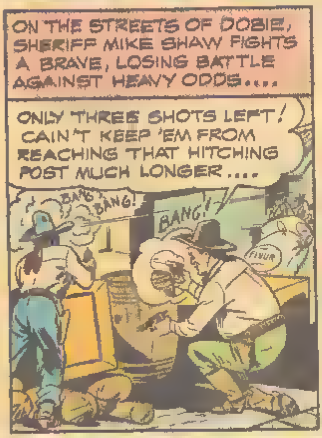
AN AMBUSH, EH? THANKS FOR THE WARNING, TONY!
OWWW!! MY HAND!
BANG!


SO THIS IS WHY I WAS WARNED TO STAY OUT OF TOWN!


THEY FIGURED I'D DISREGARD THE WARNING----AND RIDE STRAIGHT INTO A BUSHWACKIN' BULLET!
CRACK!

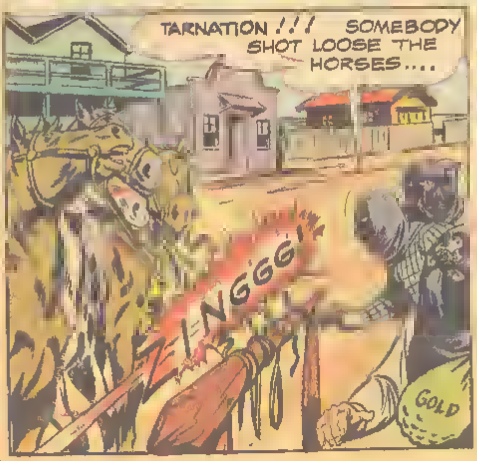

WHERE'S THE REST OF YOUR GANG ?
THEY-THEY'RE IN DOBIE! DAGGERT'S FIXIN TUH ROB THE DOBIE BANK!

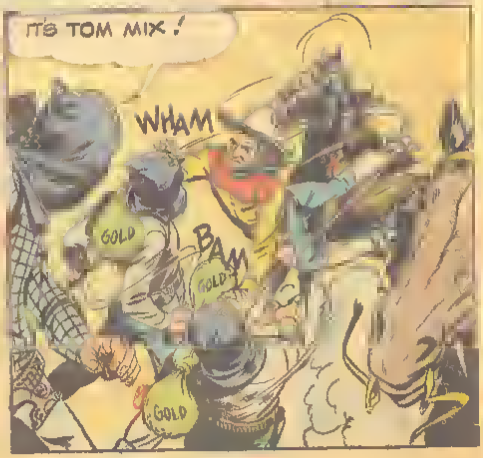
THEN I'D BETTER HURRY! LET'S GO, TONY!


ON THE STREETS OF DOBIE, SHERIFF MIKE SHAW FIGHTS A BRAVE, LOSING BATTLE AGAINST HEAVY ODDS....
ONLY THREE SHOTS LEFT! CAIN'T KEEP 'EM FROM REACHING THAT HITCHING POST MUCH LONGER....
BANG! BANG!
BANG!
FIVUR

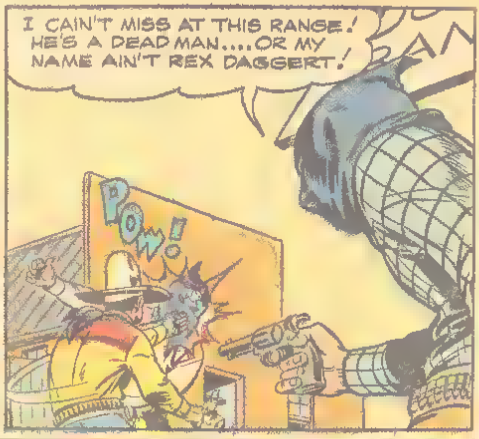
OHHH!
SAM'S HURT! THAT SETTLES OUR HASH!
FIVUR

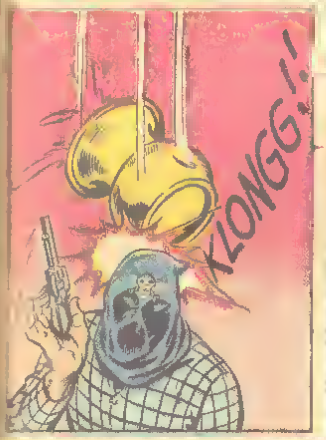
THEY'VE STOPPED SHOOTING, COME ON, MEN! GRAB YORE HORSES!
DOBI
BAN
GOLD


TARNATION !!! SOMEBODY SHOT LOOSE THE HORSES....
ZINGGG!
GOLD


IT'S TOM MIX!
WHAM
BAM
GOLD
GOLD
GOLD

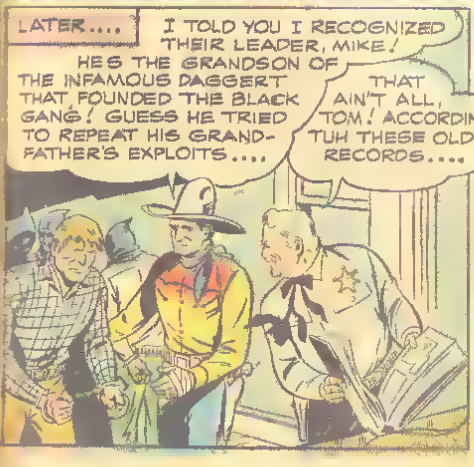
THANKS, MIKE! YOU APPEARED TO NEED A SPOT OF HELP!
YO'RE RIGHT WELCOME, TOM!

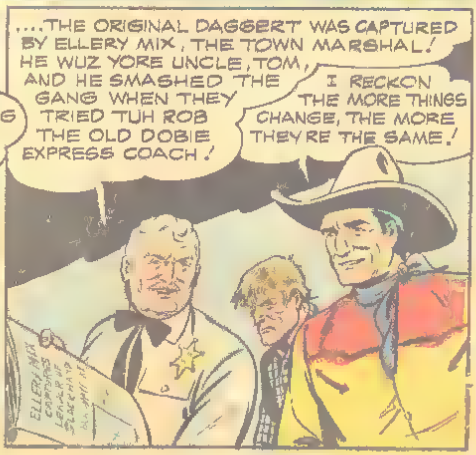

I CAIN'T MISS AT THIS RANGE! HE'S A DEAD MAN....OR MY NAME AIN'T REX DAGGERT!
POW!


KLONGG!!

THAT SPITTOON HIT HIM JUST RIGHT, MISTER TOM!
THANKS, WASH!

I'LL JUST ADD A FEW FINISHING TOUCHES!
GLLLG!
POW!


LATER....
I TOLD YOU I RECOGNIZED THEIR LEADER, MIKE!
HE'S THE GRANDSON OF THE INFAMOUS DAGGERT THAT FOUNDED THE BLACK GANG! GUESS HE TRIED TO REPEAT HIS GRANDFATHER'S EXPLOITS....
THAT AIN'T ALL, TOM! ACCORDING TUH THESE OLD RECORDS....


....THE ORIGINAL DAGGERT WAS CAPTURED BY ELLERY MIX, THE TOWN MARSHAL! HE WUZ YORE UNCLE, TOM, AND HE SMASHED THE GANG WHEN THEY TRIED TUH ROB THE OLD DOBIE EXPRESS COACH!
I RECKON THE MORE THINGS CHANGE, THE MORE THEY'RE THE SAME!

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